SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 45

THE OLD SOLDIER.—A FRAGMENT.

BY J. STERLING.

I.

A soldier sat at his cottage door;
He was old and grizzled and gaunt;
A constant victim of the war
He wasted far away.

II.

He sat by his door and sang a song
In a tone of other times,
And the song was words of shame and wrong,
And vice, and war's red crimes.

III.

Rough words that charm the ruffian's ear,
Still'd outbreaks at the camp
Such rugged strains delight to hear,
Mixed with the war-steeds' stamp.

IV.

But ever at the old man sung,
Of harry, rude and wild,
About the paltry numbers flung
Some feeling undefiled.

V.

He heard again the trumpet's blare,
That roused him in the night,
With nasty a simple martial air,
To revel in the fight.

VI.

He saw the glittering poles of rank
Be fought for many a year,
Slip from him, as he wounded sank,
An old and battered murderer.

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—*Shelley.*

[This story was commenced in No. 42, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER X.

WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

Mrs. Burdette summoned suddenly to the chamber of her beautiful guest, found her awakened from her long trance, happy in mind and body, and looking lovelier than ever. Eustace had departed in a state bordering on ecstacy. The young man was in a charmed circle now—that charmed circle held all his world. He went home immediately to confide to the Doctor and to narrate his new experience, his phantasies and the wonder of his trance.

Two days passed. On the morning of the third day Mrs. Augusta Tendrie came to Mrs. Burdette, who had been talking to Miss Southgate in the parlor, and, pressed upon her, rather in a feline way as though she had been in ambush all the while, and said, quietly:

"Who is this woman?" as Gertrude retired.

"Do you mean Miss Southgate?"

"Yes; you have been promising to tell me all about her for so many days, my dear Mrs. Burdette, and there has always been something coming in between us and interrupting the topic upon which I am so deeply interested. Now you can surely satisfy my burning curiosity to-day. We are all alone. I will sit down here in this lovely tent chair. What a luxury for lazy people like me," she added, sinking into the yielding cushion. "Now, do tell me. You introduced her to me as Gertrude Southgate, I believe?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Burdette, taking a seat upon an ornamental iron settee which was built in the wall of the conservatory, and over which clustered a perfect wreath of roses. "Her name is Southgate; she is English; comes from Dover and has not been in this country a week."

"You surprise me!" said Mrs. Tendrie with one of her smiles.

"Yes; you see I knew her mother very well, or at least pretty well; visited her once or twice; she was here, too, I think, half a dozen times; she was a very fine lady indeed, and had quite a snug little fortune."

"And this woman or girl, how comes she to be here?" interrupted Mrs. Tendrie with a delicate sense of impatience manifested in a shadowy frown.

"I sent for her to come!"

"Then you have been in correspondence with her?"

"I can hardly say that. She wrote me a letter asking to come and I answered it. That is all."

"You knew her then?"

"Never knew her at all. I knew her mother. I never saw her before she came here!"

"Oh! you precious ingredient woman!" ejaculated Mrs. Tendrie, leaning herself and rolling her eyes and then fixing them upon Mrs. Burdette with a piercing glance. "Oh! you dear philanthropist, as you harbor unknown girls, do you? Out of charity? all so! How are you interested in her? You must tell me, I'm so interested in her myself; she is so lovely and perhaps so innocent! She's an orphan, I suppose. Miss B.?"

"She is," replied Mrs. Burdette. "A Mrs. Tyler some years ago introduced me to the mother. From her I learned of this daughter, who lived in England with an aunt, a Mrs. Bendle, at Dover."

"And so she wrote to you? That is how it happened? This young lady wrote to you and you replied? I suppose you did not feel at liberty to refuse such a request, coming from an entire stranger, too!" said Mrs. Tendrie in a tone which baulked annoyance.

"Certainly!" replied Mrs. Burdette. "I can hardly call her an entire stranger, when I knew her mother so well, and you will admit that I am fully justified in my expectations of the girl. She is a suburb creature, Mrs. Tendrie?"

Mrs. Tendrie would admit nothing. She pressed her lips tightly together and wore an air of injured innocence. Then she deigned to talk.

"You are such a funny, dear woman, Mrs. [illegible]. I really find it hard to understand [illegible] are too good, too good. You never [illegible] lady before she came here [illegible] You cannot call her less than a [illegible] I can detect the sufficient [illegible] in the tones these words; and had she detected them would not have understood their purport.

"She is no longer a stranger?" said Mrs. Burdette, warmly. "She is at home here, I assure you, and welcome here, too!"

Mrs. Tendrie smiled; "and why should'nt she be. She's deserving of hospitality. She's certainly a stylish girl and a man must have a steady heart not to be swerved by her power. She's haughty enough, too! But still you misunderstand me. I have no reason to be prejudiced against the girl, but we can't be too careful, Mrs. B.; we can't be too careful."

"Dear me, how you talk. I'm sure Miss Southgate is a woman of refinement and highly educated. Please tell me what you mean when you speak this way of my guest. Do you imagine she is any way dangerous?"

Mrs. Tendrie, smiling one of her sweetest smiles, returned:

"Oh! you dear, artless, simple-hearted woman! Did I ever my Miss Southgate was dangerous? Tell me! You know you always were too easy, too easy, my dear lady! Still are you sure——"

"Of what?" darted in Mrs. Burdett with less good nature than before.

"Of her being the person she represents herself to be?"

"I'm ashamed at you, Mrs. Tendrie," returned Mrs. Burdette. "You are too—too bad for anything. Do you think I would have a guest in my house who was not known to me?"

"Yes; but my dear, dear lady, remember you never saw Gertrude Southgate in your life till this person came, answering to that name. Not that I doubt in the least that she is the identical woman, but I only say you can't be too careful. You don't know her sufficiently well to have faith in her. And another thing, Mrs. B., do you think it fair to your friends to have this stranger here? I will still continue calling her a stranger till you convince me to the contrary."

"My, my, are you jealous of her?" asked the hostess.

Mrs. Tendrie replied with a rippling laugh, and when that had subsided said: "Yes, dear lady, fearfully jealous."

"One would think so. How you talk."

"I insist upon it, you can't be careful enough," said Mrs. Tendrie, probably thinking how quickly Mrs. Burdette had ripened into friendship under her beams at Cape May, and formed her acquaintance in two days. As for the insinuations of jealousy, she felt it to be too true. Gertrude Southgate eclipsed her completely. She was painfully conscious of a rival, and a magnificent rival, too. Then, again, Mrs. Tendrie, for some latent reason, disliked Gertrude from the first, and disliked her more when upon introduction to her Miss Southgate treated her with a chilling reserve of manner that made the sensitive lady very nearly swoon with indignation.

"A true lady needs no recommendations, Mrs. Tendrie," said Mrs. Burdette.

"Her face and manner are enough for me."

"Then I'm afraid you're an easy victim to the wiles of our sex, dear lady," responded Mrs. Tendrie, plucking a bud from a rosebush close to her.

"If I am, I'm not ungenerous!" answered Mrs. Burdette. "I'm sure, it was your face and manner won me! but you imagine I have given refuge to some wondering outcast simply because I never saw her before she came here, because you are jealous of her and because you hate English people." Mrs. Burdette spoke with unwonted warmth. Mrs. Tendrie's eyes flashed fire as she answered, "What an insinuation. Hate English people! I love England. I never spent a happier time than I did at Brighton two summers ago. I like England so much better than France, and as for the English people, why I'm positively cruel Mrs. B. to talk this way to me."

"Well, then!" said Mrs. Burdette recovering her usual good humor and her face beaming with its usual amiable expression. "Tell me why you dislike my pretty guest."

"I don't dislike her, she is your friend, and I am your friend, and as your friend I speak as I do. Why should you be imposed upon or be lowered in the estimation of society? To put it stronger, does she move in our circle? There!"

"I must confess she does not, being here only a day or two—but she will!"

"She will not."

"Why so?"

"She is not known. Our circle will not tolerate her."

"Our circle?"

"Your circle then. Do you know what society demands? Can we introduce this girl with safety? Think over it."

"I am satisfied we can! I will show you the letter she wrote me, post-marked and dated at Dover. Now this letter identifies the young lady completely to my mind and that is all I desire. Society must be satisfied for I am satisfied, satisfied completely. The young lady asks the shelter of my house for a little time and I shall give it to her, and shall do my best to procure her to all my friends, and make her stay while she is here, dear."

"I have nothing more to say, dear lady?"

Mrs. Tendrie fanned herself vigorously.

"I will show you the letter."

"Oh! I am not curious."

"You shall see it."

"As you please. A letter is no evidence of identity."

"I will show it to you. I can confide in you. It explains a great many things which prove Miss Southgate to be the daughter of the widow lady I knew, Mrs. Hermione Southgate, late of 349 Dover street. Besides her daughter resembles her. And the letter is very entertaining and startling."

Mrs. Burdette rose and said:

"You can stay or you can follow me just as you wish."

"I will stay. But don't go to the trouble, I pray you, of getting the letter, as it is of no interest to me. I am going to the city shortly on some little business and I will be up stairs in an hour or so and you can show it to me then. I feel now like being undisturbed and even drowsing into a nap in this deliciously shady and fragrant place. Please don't trouble yourself."

"Well I have to go in to speak to the servant and I may as well look up that letter. I'll bring it to you."

"Thanks, dear lady. In the meantime I will doze."

Mrs Burdette walked as far as the door of the conservatory and then returned, saying:

"I hope Mrs. Tendrie, I have not offended you in any way."

"Offended me! dear lady! why what an idea!"

"You seem offended. That girl displeases you. But dear, me what am I to do? I must be pleasant to everybody and surely, I can't turn her out of my house."

Mrs. Tendrie putting on the very becoming mask of deep resignation which she so often used for effect, folded her fan and clasped her hands in her lap, and leaning back in the comfortable chair, looked at Mrs. Burdette with the air of a martyr, and that look had more value than words just then. Mrs. Burdette took her former seat and said:

"Tell me, please, do you know, have you heard anything about this young woman? Do not deceive me. You appear to dislike her so much that I can't comprehend why. Tell me if you know anything about her, for I frankly confess I do not?"

Mrs. Tendrie, still resigned, said quietly: "And yet, you admit her in defiance of society."

"I'm not be too hard on me. I do everything for the best, you know. I like to treat everybody alike. And when I said I did not know Miss Southgate, I meant I did not know her previously to her coming here, but her letter ought to be a sufficient introduction to any society. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes! that letter."

"Shall I show it to you?"

"By no means, Mrs. Burdette," replied Mrs. Tendrie, though in reality she was only too eager to read the much talked of missive.

"Don't judge till you know everything. I want you to see that letter in order to be convinced," insisted Mrs. Burdette.

"Dear me, Mrs. Burdette, I'm not curious. Your word ought to be enough. You're such a dear, good, artless, imprudent creature, but I love you for all."

"Do you really? But I'm afraid I've offended you."

"Not in the least, I assure you."

"I'm delighted to think I have not," said Mrs. Burdette, again rising and moving to depart. "And you shall see that letter. I want you and Miss Southgate to be friends."

"Don't misconstrue my feelings, Mrs. B., please. Miss Southgate and I are friends and always will be," said Mrs. Tendrie, looking after the retreating Mrs. Burdette, and resuming her usual beaming expression.

Mrs. Burdette, turning her head before she left, saw Mrs. Tendrie knocking a rose to pieces with her fan.

"I'll not be very long," said the hostess as she retired.

"If you find me in sweet dreams when you come back, do not disturb me," replied Mrs. Tendrie, with a laugh.

"Indeed I should hope not," said the gentle Mrs. Burdette, and she disappeared.

Then Mrs. Tendrie closed her lovely eyes and leaned her head back upon the chair and pretended to sleep. But though she was not in the least drowsy she was full of dreams. As she lounged there with her eyes closed she was dreaming reveries—odd, strange, and perhaps terrible phantasmagora crossed her vision. Then there was a footstep heard in the vicinity of the door, and Mrs. Tendrie opening her eyes saw the figure of her copion, Miss Templeton.

"Well, what news?" interjected the good lady Tendrie, while a flame of color blazed for a moment upon her cheek.

The girl advanced and put a small note in Mrs. Tendrie's expectant hand.

"How did you know I was here?" she exclaimed petulently, dropping the note into her lap.

"I hunted you everywhere ma'am, and couldn't find you, until I suddenly thought of looking into the conservatory."

"Well, what's that Miss Southgate doing? did you see her?"

"Yes, she's in the parlor talking to Mrs. Burdette."

"Very well; now go up stairs in my room and bring me my little escritoire, and my light shawl—I feel cold."

"Yes ma'am." Miss Templeton proceeded on her errand. Mrs. Tendrie opened the note and read. To judge from the lady's expression while reading, there was nothing in the note of a pleasant character. She paused, bit her lips, and then tore the note into shreds as small as the scattered rose petals around her. Then she leaned back and closed her eyes again.

Mrs. Tendrie had received two missives in this manner. On the day that Eustace encountered Miss Southgate after his trance, that young lady had been deputed by her mistress to watch on the road for a certain carriage, and to contrive certain fortuitous ruse. So Miss Templeton was there accommanied by the two children, who really could not be induced to leave her, and there after a due interval of expectation she signalled a little trotting wagon coming down the road. The driver, in answer to her signal, threw out a fluttering square of paper, and dashed on. This was the first note. The second was obtained under nearly similar circumstances, from the same mysterious quarter.

Mrs. Tendrie after some moments of frowning reverie arose and began to walk up and down the long pavement of the conservatory—stopping occasionly to look at some gorgeous exotic in full blossom—but not in admiration of the flower, for it was only to her at that instant an object upon which to rest her eyes while she fell into reverie again. Then she said half aloud, as the notes of music floated upon the air:

"There's that Southgate girl at the piano again! She seems to have nothing else to do with her lily white fingers, from one long day to another except to drum on that jingling instrument. She seem to feed upon the sweet cake of idleness and to be the pet of fortune, but I must say she's a thorn in my side. I declare, she's singing now. Pshaw, her shrill voice mars my nerves."

Mrs. Burdette entered at this moment.

"Ah! my dear Mrs. B.," said Mrs. Tendrie, "you come in good time to appease my curiosity respecting the performer who is just now giving us the benefit of her voice. I think I guess right when I say it is Miss Southgate."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Burdette; it is your arch enemy. She is singing to Mr. Marvin's accompaniment."

"Mr. Marvin? What, that young gentleman who was here a few days ago?"

"Yes. Why you seem shocked. Is there anything in all this?"

"Nothing in the least Mrs. B. The fascination is quite natural, quite natural."

"Mr. Marvin came with Doctor St. Jean in the id a short time ago. The Doctor is in there. Let us all join the party. It is a pleasant one, Mrs. Tendrie. The Doctor is such a charming man—and a hater of woman, so you see how delightful it will be."

"The Doctor has come, I suppose, to see his beautiful patient," said Mrs. Tendrie. "I hate men, and so we are well matched. I prefer remaining here in my own good company just now. I have sent Annie Templeton up for my escritoire and shawl, and after I write a short note I intend taking a stroll in the garden, and then I shall go to the city. I hope'dorge will have the coupe ready for me at eleven."

"Certainly, my dear. Has he had orders?"

"Yes, thank you. By-the-by, you went up stairs for a letter you wanted to show me. Have you it?"

"I have," answered Mrs. Burdette. "You naughty woman read this."

She handed the following missive to Mrs. Tendrie, who merely glanced and commenced to read it than Miss Templeton entered with the articles her ladyship had demanded.

"That's all," said Mrs. Tendrie, when the girl had adjusted her self upon her mistresses shoulders. "You may go now."

It was evident from the manner of her ladyship's speech that this Miss Templeton was in her eyes only a menial.

Mrs. Tendrie read as follows:

DOVER, March 3,1870.

To Mrs. Helen Burdette:

Near Newton,

MADAM,—I am prompted to address you by an intuition which is sure to guide me aright—by a divination which some may call supernatural—yet which is none the less irresistable. You were a good friend to my dear dead mother, Mrs. Hermione Southgate, of 349 Dover street, in your city, who wrote me frequently of your kindness and benevolence, and of your Christian aid after the death of my beloved father—for all of which I am deeply grateful. My only sister Stella (whom you probably knew) went abroad to America nearly twenty years ago, since which time I have not heard a word of her, or what was communicated to me through the medium of my mother's letters, through which source I learned that my sister had married a worthless man named George Walter and was then in great distress on account of his unhappy marriage. My mother lost sight of Stella after this, where she went with her gaudiness I do not know. I do not know, for fear, as well as I had quite a fortune left us by my father, and also on my mother's death we both fell heirs to a large sum which money might now to be due us in America. If my sister Stella is living, I shall be glad to know her address. I have been since a child living with an aunt, Mrs. Margaret Bendle, in this town. My aunt takes no an, and will not suffer me to leave her, but I have made up my mind to go to America immediately in order to seek my sister and to wind up my mother's affairs. Mrs. Bendle will not consent, but that cannot be helped. What led me to come on this strange journey was a dream I had which, though childish to relate, affected me strangely. I have been since a child of a very fervent temperament, and subject to very inexplicable moods. I was given to trances and somnambulism, and in these intervals I have been startled to find myself in strange worlds, and moving in localities which I have subsequently identified. Several clever enthusiasts on fascination in mesmerism and spiritism attempted to win me into their circles, but I steadily refused, and though I was and am conscious that I was the possessor of a strange power, I never fancied it was anything more than the result of a morbid condition.

In my vision or trance, which I spoke of, I received a letter—a letter edged with black, and it bade me come to you. I shall say nothing more about this unpleasant and infernal nonsense, but I know that fate compels me across the Atlantic and I dare not disobey! I am now writing to ask you as my mother's friend, to be my friend, and to assist me in seeking and finding. I ought not to expect a reply, but I shall be only too happy to receive one. I am, madam,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

GERTRUDE SOUTHGATE,

Care of Mrs. Margaret Bendle, Dover, Eng.

"What ailed Mrs. Tendrie?"

Her face paled, and a smile as artificial as it was ghastly broke out upon it. Her hand trembled as she held the letter, and her lips quivered.

Mrs. Burdette looked upon her with a sort of awe. "What ailed the good lady Tendrie?"

Folding the letter as well as her shivering fit would permit her, she handed it to Mrs. Burdette with a mechanical courtesy, who received it as mechanically, for she was wondering at the great change that had come over the woman.

"Well, have you read it all?" said the hostess.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tendrie, in a whisper, her throat was so parched a little ago. I have read it," she added, "and it is as I supposed."

"What do you mean?"

"It is as I imagined. My presentiment proves true."

"Explain, please."

"I will explain. Mrs. Burdette that woman is an impostor, a trance medium! What do you think of her?"

"Mrs. Tendrie!"

"It is so. And she ought not and must not stay in this house!"

Ah! but it was something more than that in the letter had shaken the little woman even to the verge of madness.

There were words in that letter which were strong poison to her, and sat into her heart core.

And a deathly fear came over her as she read. Why? We shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INFECTION OF THE WRITTEN WORD.

Mrs. Burdette was too simple minded and soft hearted a woman to fathom the depth of Mrs. Tendrie's emotion at this moment. She pitied the lady, pitied her from her soul. That was as much as her temperament permitted her. She had no power to fully understand the metamorphosis of Mrs. Tendrie. But she was not a little frightened to find that the little sheet of paper she held—had in it such a potential mystery, and if she was shocked at all, it was at the disappointment she experienced in not pleasing her friend with the letter. Then, too, she was hurt by this same friend's vituperation. After a moment of silence, Mrs. Burdette replied to the outburst of Mrs. Tendrie.

"You ought not to speak in this way to me! I'm sure I try to please you!"

The spiteful glance that Mrs. Tendrie shot at the speaker at this moment, would have fired a less docile disposition.

"I say she must and shall not stay, Mrs. Burdette! Either she or I leave this house to-day! I cannot be under the same roof with a woman of her stamp. I say it again—she must not, she shall not stay!"

"Mrs. Tendrie, be calm! You really accuse the lady unjustly."

"I have said all I intend to say on the subject!" said Mrs. Tendrie, turning her back upon her hostess, and moving to depart.

"Mrs. Tendrie!"

"I have no explanation to make. I'm completely overwhelmed to find out who that woman is!—I know who she is if you do not!" said her irate ladyship, condescending to return and face Mrs. Burdette's calmness. Striking an emphasis with her fan upon her palm at every word she uttered, Mrs. Tendrie continued:

"Listen to me, Mrs. Burdette! You have deceived me! Deceived me bitterly by bringing this strange woman here! And I learn from this letter who she is—the daughter of a notorious English gambler and——"

"Mrs. Tendrie!" interrupted Mrs. Burdette, with a touch of irritation, though she was more pained than angered to hear such words from a woman whom she imagined her friend. "Mrs. Tendrie, you must not dare to talk this way—it really grieves me—shocks me! If it were true, as you tell me, that this girl is the daughter of a bad man, you cannot prove that she is not a pure, an honest, and a lovely creature—nor can any one prove it to my satisfaction—Do not interrupt me——"

"But I will interrupt you! You must listen!" broke in the other, fiercely. "She is all I imagined, and worse. I know her—I know her now! She must not stay! She must not stay——"

"She shall stay!"

"So be it. Then I leave at once. Our friendship is broken, Mrs. Burdette!" Mrs. Tendrie dared to say anything. She knew her woman.

"Tell me—tell me! What have I done?" said Mrs. Burdette. "Surely, this is not fair treatment of me, Mrs. Tendrie." The tears actually stood in the good woman's eyes. "This is cruel, Mrs. Tendrie."

"Cruel! think of my feelings—think of the shock to me of that letter announcing that a woman who is notorious is about to foist herself upon you—a stranger, and that woman a vile fortune telling clairvoyant!"

Poor woman, she is mad, thought Mrs. Burdette. She was nearer the truth than she imagined. Mrs. Tendrie was mad in more senses than one. Her gentle hearted sister did not reply to the fierce speech that followed. She looked pityingly upon the speaker with tearful eyes as she went on.

"Yes, Mrs. Burdette, you have done me wrong, if I must say so; you have insulted me here in your own house, not intentionally perhaps, still you have insulted me and I can never forget and forgive. That Southgate woman is a person nobody of pride herself upon caste, would dare to receive. Mind what I tell you. She must not stay here!"

"Mrs. Tendrie," replied the other very calmly, "she shall stay."

"I shall leave here this afternoon!"

"Don't distress me so Mrs. Tendrie. How can I help it?"

"Send the girl away at once! She is no company for you or yours. Your niece Miss Isaac and all the innocent young ladies in the neighborhood will be contaminated by her presence. Send her away."

"How can I, Mrs. Tendrie?"

"If you love me, send her away!"

"I do love you—you know I love you but how am I to do a thing so cruel so unjust to this Mrs. Tendrie."

"I know you value my friendship and love, Mrs. Burdette, and therefore I know you will do as I request. There will be no trouble about it. Send the girl away quietly by hinting that you can no longer keep her but that some time in the near future you may. You are going to Cape May next month, you might say something of that. Once get her out of the house and all will be well." Mrs. Burdette did not understand their deep import—not the despair of the soul who uttered them.

"When you tell me to send the girl away you nearly break my heart, Mrs. Tendrie. I have learned to love her already."

"I know you have, darted her ladyship.

"And I love you—you know I love you for what you say respecting her—for I know you mean well—but you place me in a dreadful quandary when you ask such a thing of me—what am I to do?"

"You ought never to have admitted her. Now to get rid of her is not so easy—still it must be done!"

Mrs. Tendrie saw how completely she had wounded Mrs. Burdette in her code—how utterly she had subdued her and made her a mere creature of her will. Mrs. Burdette, anguished and fearful at the thought of offending a friend, and in the terrible dilemma that paralyzed her reason for the instant looked upon the little square of paper in her hand as if it were a bewitched thing, a seed of evil—a very Pandora's box, in which not even hope was left.

"If I were to choose, Mrs. Tendrie—how else could I choose, but to give you the preference of my friendship and hospitality. Of course, in one sense Miss Southgate is a stranger to me—you are not, and I would certainly rather see her go than you. Still you nearly drive me mad about this woman. Let me have time to think it over, to collect my thoughts!"

"Time! Why, Mrs. Burdette, I am surprised. You admit you prefer me to the girl—you admit she is a stranger—an entire stranger—and herein lies the whole question. Why, then, should you hesitate—I'm surprised."

"Dear Mrs. Tendrie!" cried Mrs. Burdette bursting into tears. "What shall I do—tell me."

"Leave it to me. I will manage it."

"But how. You surely will not insult my lovely friend. No, no, I dare not turn her away."

"You'll be very sorry if you do not. However, act as you please. What time does the next train go down?"

"You will not leave me?"

"I must go to town on some business. I shan't wait for a coupe. I will take the next train. In the mean time you can make up your mind what to do. What has passed between us, remember is in confidence." Her ladyship moved to the conservatory door, followed by Mrs. Burdette. "You will appreciate my kindness," said Mrs. Tendrie, stopping for a moment and looking into the other's eyes with a searching glance. "I know you will soon day. The daughter of a gambler—a public character, a trance medium who gives seances for money—is no companion for you, dear Mrs. B., and you will thank me some day for telling you so."

"Are you going into the house now?" demanded the hostess.

"No, I forgot I had a letter to write. There is my escritoire; I declare I had completely forgotten it. You will excuse me while I write a few lines, then I shall drove for town! Remember what I told you. Do not confide in any one but me. You are my only confidente, Dear Mrs. B., so good morning."

Mrs. Burdette was never behooved with the delicate flattery that she approached Mrs. Tendrie, caught her hand and kissed her cheek.

Mrs. Burdette loved her far more than ever—she looked so proud, so sad, so beautiful at the moment. Mrs. Burdette thought, "I have shocked her tender sense of propriety, her aristocratic nature by having the girl here, but when she knows Gertrude better she will not dislike her." She broke off a cluster of white roses and presented them to Mrs. Tendrie, saying "that flower in your hair has faded; take one of these."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. B.," said the recipient, changing into a new mood. "I know you do all in your power to please me, and I know you will do all. But think well over it Mrs. B. She or I must leave, remember. If she stays I go!"

"She shall go then. Pray do not worry me any more about her."

Mrs. Tendrie adjusted a rose in her hair, and pulling her shawl around her, said with a perceptible tremor. "It is really cold here."

"Cold! my, my. Do you think so? I fancied it the warmest day we have had yet. Are you ill?"

"No!" she replied. Her answer gave the lie to her appearance, for a sudden pallor came over her face and she seemed to be suffering acutely. "I will sit here and rest a moment," she said with a gasp.

"You shall not go to the station without the coupe."

"Oh, I can walk there easily, thank you."

"You shall not, and in the meantime make your mind easy about Miss Southgate. I will do what is best for every body. God knows my intentions are good. I mean no harm."

"Think no more about it, my dear lady. Go to your guests and I will fill up the interval by writing. I will talk to you again upon this painful topic when you and I are better able to agree. For I confess I feel sick unto death now!"

"Let me bring you a sip of liquor?"

"Only a drop—thank you. You can do me one favor though!"

"What is that? Surely I will do anything in the world for you!"

"If you see Annie Templeton tell her to come to me here. I want her!"

"Shall I give orders to George to bring the coupe?"

"Not yet. I will defer my visit till after noon."

"I'm glad of that—very glad for it is so warm, and you need rest and refreshment." Mrs. Burdette kissed her again and then said "I will disturb you no longer: take good care of yourself."

"I always do!" laughed Mrs. Tendrie as the other retired.

As soon as Mrs. Burdette was out of sight, Mrs. Tendrie threw off the mask she had worn so painfully, gave full away to her feelings and yielded to her despair. With a bitter cry that was loud enough almost to make itself heard in the house she arose from where she was sitting and paced the walk rapidly. Then she stopped and pressed both hands to her forehead with an energy that brought out to masculine relief the swelling blue veins upon her waxen white arm. Then she clasped her hands together and moaned and stood still and stared into the mass of flowers around her.

"It seems like fatality," she muttered. "Oh, if I had only left a month ago. If I'd never come here to face my own self, to be confronted over me and haunting me night and day with her dreadful face! Dreadful, because of the dreadful memories it awakens! I shall go mad! I shall go mad, mad, mad!"

"Mrs. Tendrie, are you there?"

She turned fiercely and saw Miss Templeton who stood at the entrance holding a tray upon which were a tiny glass of sweet cordial and a plate of biscuit.

"How long have you been here?" she demanded of the girl.

"I just came, ma am' Mrs. Burdette sends these with her compliments."

"I wish them not. Take them away again. Then go up and bring me my hat and gloves and parasol. In the left hand corner of the bureau drawer you will find a box, in the box is a small parcel wrapped in light blue paper—bring it to me. Here are the keys! Be quick!"

Miss Templeton gazed at the woman in a frightened way and said: "Shall I bring you anything else, ma'am? You do not look at all well."

"Do I not? Well, when I want medical advice I'll ask my Doctor!" she retorted, with a look of bitter rage at the poor girl. "Go do as I tell you, and be quick about it, and don't trouble yourself about my looks, Do!"

Miss Templeton a state of high indignation left without ceremony, wondering what the woman meant by this new and strange mood. As she passed out of the conservatory in her petulant humour, little Charlie, running up the walk, happened to run against her and caused her to upset the glass and scatter the biscuits in all directions, whereupon she brought the tray as a handy weapon upon the little fellow's head and effectually caused a very noisy scene for a moment.

"Bother the brats," exclaimed Mrs. Tendrie, as Charlie's cries reached her. "I'll be rid of them before long and that limbed girl, too. Perhaps all is for the best."

Mrs. Tendrie went over and closed the glass door of the conservatory and locked it, to prevent the child entering. Then she seated her chair to the farther end of the long walk—a shadowy region sacred to brood-leaved exotics, and completely hidden in the greenery—to commune her ghastly abstraction.

"Would to God I could hide myself in this place forever, and shut myself from the world," said the unhappy woman in a low murmur. "Why have I been brought face to face with this creature? Oh, I shall be mad or revenged before long—amply revenged—and then to the rope. Let the great ocean divide me from this hell in which I am being slowly tortured into madness. And I cannot, will not, stay here. It would be to confess all—to give up all. No, no, I must make preparations to leave here to-day and with him. He who has brought me to her must come to you and see me assert myself. I must not let the world see that he whom I so madly love has brought me to this wretched plight."

She sat still for many minutes, her eyes closed, her hands closed in her lap.

Then Miss Templeton's rattling at the door aroused her, and she went over to let her in. She took the hat from the girl and put it on and exclaimed, seeing her copion glowering upon her while she was putting on her gloves:

"Well, am I presentable? You stare at me as if I were a fright. Am I pale?"

"No ma'am," answered the girl, "you look better. But you are not going to walk."

"I am."

"Oh, what a shame. Why it's two miles to the station."

"I am glad of it. Hand me my parasol. There's my escritoire, take it up stairs again. Did you look in the parlor as you came down?"

"You ma'am, and Mrs. Burdette and Miss Southgate are talking there together."

"Well, I care not, nor did I ask you concerning them. Are the gentlemen there?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are you sure?"

"Indeed I am, ma'am, for I stood at the door, and looked in all around the room. There was only those there but Mrs. Burdette and that young lady."

"Well, well! I want no more of your talk just now, girl. And never listen to me—one word about my going out. Not a word, mind! Tell nobody. If you do, you may repent it!"

"If Mrs. Burdette asks?"

"Tell her you do not know where I've gone, and surely you do not?"

"Very well, ma'am."

"There is, I believe, a back entrance to this place, is there not?"

"Yes, ma'am, over in that direction, towards the orchard. You follow the path here, and then take the path opposite the fountain, that leads to the back gate."

"I shall go that way."

"Do you know the road to the station?"

"I can find it."

"Oh, you'll be lost, ma'am!"

"I shall not be lost. And if I am what does it matter. Remember what I told you. Not a word."

And Mrs. Tendrie abruptly, without another word, left the conservatory, and entered a narrow gravel walk flanked by thick bushes and in a few moments after disappeared behind a clump of evergreens, leaving Miss Templeton in a condition of frenzied alarm and bewilderment, staring in the garden after her like a girl possessed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE OF LOVE.

The visit of St. Jean and Marvin to Burdette's that morning was a very brief one. The Doctor came upon professional duty to inquire about his recent patient. He came next to pay his respects to Mrs. Burdette and the ladies, and with the yearning design of forming Miss Southgate's acquaintance. Mrs. Burdette not a little distressed and alarmed on account of Mrs. Tendrie's behavior, nevertheless found occasion in the interval of her absence from the conservatory, to welcome the gentlemen cordially and quietly. Then she went

stood. Of course this was the work of the indefatigable Brobdingnagian Sipes, Esq. Doctor Jo. Jones was irritated by the article, although he endorsed heartily its truth, for with the exception of a little exaggeration of statement, and a fantastic color given to it by the imagination of the reporter, the Doctor saw that it was substantially too true. It was the closing truth of the article that irritated him; for it reviewed so vividly the events of the past twenty-four hours, and so aroused to love them over again, that he was actually angered at the apathy of Professor Major and the criminal neglect of the convoy.

"I can understand now," said the Doctor in himself, "why the coroner with his packed jury wished to get rid of the body with the least possible exposure. He's a political friend of Major's, and it wouldn't pay either of them to expose the other. Perhaps the college is and has been deeply indicted to the coroner for such "subjects." But by the Gods! he shall suffer for this affair, if I have anything to do with it."

The article created quite as excitement in the city. Its more sensational portions, such as Doctor St. Jean becoming a hero, Mrs. Bardette's last looked over the paper, and had called the Doctor's attention to it, and contrived her first it.

In proportion to the Doctor's anger and perturbation concerning the article in the "Gazette," was his undisguised and lonely suppressed amusement at Eustace Bardette narrated to him minutely the events of his tryst.

"This is something more than a mere dream," he said to himself in one of his reveries. "It is not a dream at all, it is too palpably vivid for a dream. The soul left for a time the body, and the body was in a condition not of actual death—but of deep swoon—where all the organs remained defined as under the influence of an anæsthetic. Eustace is the possessor of a mesmeric or clairvoyant power, and is gifted with this strange and poetical volition of wandering into new spheres and revealing them to us. Happy mortal in having this splendid power! I envy you—envy you for I feel sure that this Gertrude Southgate is really his affinity, and I love her so—love her! Would to God I had never seen her! But the wonder of all, the remarkable of all is that she is the poor dear creature in the college! Is she the innocent soul of that mysterious "subject"?

Eustace shall turn his power to account and entre for us this riddle, reading it with spiritual eyes and clear up this cloud with light from other spheres."

A week passed. One day, after dinner, Doctor St. Jean received a message from Hawkenworth Hall to call on him at the "Gazette" office, and the Doctor answered the summons without delay. Then Eustace, who had not been near Bardette's for more than a week, ordered a horse at his door and with a happy heart started to ride over to see Gertrude. Eustace had no design to deceive the Doctor, or to make the visit clandestinely so far as St. John was concerned; on the contrary his master had full knowledge of his intentions respecting his visit to Bardette's, and had insisted upon Eustace taking the horse.

It was about five o'clock of a magnificent evening when Eustace rode up through the carriage path of Bardette's and came into the presence of the charmed spot that held his treasure. How utterly odorous the flowers seemed to Him on this delicious and dreamy eventide. The little copse back of the garden where he had lain in trance, was now glowing with the flame of the setting sun golden and crimson, and the fragrant shadows that fell from against this splendor stood the trunks of the great trees, their shadowy depths of foliage, grey and dusky, their edges smouldering fire, and high over head they looked like a silver cloud, the crescent of the new moon.

Mrs. Bardette hearing the horses feet, came out and welcomed the young man. "Miss Southgate is in the parlor. Come in sir. I'm happy to see you. Doctor kept your promise. You know you said you would come often!"

"Thank you. I think I do come often!"

"What an idea! But come in. Never mind the horse, I'll send for the man to take charge of it. Come in!"

Eustace noticed that Mrs. Bardette did not seem as vivacious as usual. She looked perplexed, and was not half worried about Mrs. Bardette's long absence. That lady had now been till Mrs. Tendrie had belauded towards her, and then again her mood seemed changed and she felt a momentary bitterness against Gertrude as though she had by some mysterious influence caused her disappearance. But this mood was only a momentary one, for Mrs. Bardette was too kind hearted and warm souled to bear evil thoughts against any human creature.

Eustace, entering the parlor found Gertrude seated at the piano. She greeted him very pleasantly, and he at once entered into conversation with her, and turning over the side of the instrument, and turning over mechanically some sheets of music.

Miss Bardette did not join their conversation; she went over the dusky part of the parlor, and striking a seat on the balcony began talking to some one there, and this was no other than Miss Charlotte Lamo, Mrs. Bardett's niece, who came my from the city occasionally, in spent of fresh air and the country sensations. This girl the creature who was hopelessly in love with Doctor St. Jean. She was a fair-looking girl of some eighteen years of age, with good eyes and teeth, and at the present moment looked her best. Not she always dressed in the extreme of the fashion—in attire that was more gaudy than tasteful, and wore such a quantity of jewelry—that she was actually noticed in that light of people who have real elegance of taste and the true beauty of form. She was Mrs. Bardette's late husband's brother's child—a pet of her own family, and could at prove a boy sometimes in other folks' house—on account of her general "fondness."

Miss Lamo and her aunt gossiped awhile in the twilight corner, and then they both arose to leave the room by the door opening upon the veranda.

Eustace had only been introduced to Miss Lamo in a general way upon entering the room, but that passing lady having hastened to Mrs. Bardette that "she didn't care about being presented to gentlemen just then, as she wasn't dressed," he went himself her whim, and thought it was a pity that the young man with his fair ideal alone as near as possible, which strange to say, she was not anxious to make any match whatever for her niece or help her to entice a husband for her sole, though if she had thought of such a thing she would have professed that Charlotte should have set her cap for the Doctor.

"I trust you join us in a little stroll through the orchard, Mr. Marvin?" exclaimed Mrs. Bardette, hoping for Eustace's sake, however, that the invitation would be declined.

"I am pleasure, after I hear Miss Southgate play that open piano there. Eustace could not distinguish the face in the gathering darkness—and he was on the point of going over to accost the intruder—when terrified with an expression of terror turned suddenly to retrace her steps back to the house.

"Come! Miss Southgate," cried Eustace—"she has gone—do not be afraid. Look—there she goes down the path. Who is she? I wonder!"

2 to be continued.

Enlarged and Improved.

The Saturday Evening Post of the 19th inst. comes to us enlarged in size, and improved in appearance. Its columns are filled with a choice selection of literature, and matter interesting to the general reader.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Marvin can play Beethoven with more fervor after a walk among the flowers."

"I ought to play nearly as well as you in your presence, Miss Southgate. You ought to inspire me to that height."

"Thank you."

"Mrs. Bardette," said Eustace, turning to the hostess who was on the point of following Miss Lamo, and who, dulled of all courtesy, with an impatient look of the head and a slight nod left the room, "you have an organ to have so many attractions here. One ought to be enough. I must confess that the piano allures me more strongly than the photoscope—I'm no talk so much about. Let us be musical."

"I declare you have all the evening to be musical in and you must not abuse my sweet. But see, Miss Lamo is already in the garden awaiting us. Come."

"Have you heard from Mrs. Tendrie?" asked Gertrude, joining Mrs. Bardette, and followed by Eustace.

"Ah! my dear Gertrude, I am afraid that the lady is angry with me for something."

"Angry!" ejaculated Gertrude, "Could anyone ever be angry with you?" She locked her arm in that of Mrs. Bardette, as she spoke, and the two walked slowly out into the garden path, Eustace keeping by their side.

"Yes, my dear. It seems I offended Mrs. Tendrie the other day. She is a very sensitive lady. Very kind and eccentric, and—so retiring. I don't really know what to make of her, and why she should treat me thus, I cannot imagine. I'm sure I didn't mean to offend her. But there is Charlotte beckoning to me. Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Marvin, I'm sure Miss Southgate will worthily fill my place."

That somewhat rude Miss Lamo seemed to deify the ordinary conventionalities of heading at any and all times as the whim suited her, and it was plainly evident that she did not care to be in Gertrude's company. So Mrs Bardette with a gentle frown for pretty face, went over to her niece, leaving Eustace in the much yearned for companionship of the sweet woman he so ardently loved.

The full golden glow of the sinking sun blazed around their path, and the drop black shadows of the evergreens stretched into their feet as they stood, Eustace and the woman of his dreams, together in a beautiful atmosphere—upon enchanted ground. He looked upon her with an awe at first—for he seemed to act over again the scene of his weird trance—the inexplicable circumstance of his spirit communing mysteriously with this beautiful woman. Her beauty seemed intensified in the amber and crimson of the sun, and she seemed more than mortal—to Eustace, a divinity. There seemed a halcyon happiness in her nature as of that an ideal, as he stood looking at her with covert glances.

"What a goddess she is!" he thought. "I have never beheld such a refinement of features—such purity of complexion—such eyes! Eyes that thrill me like the contemplation of distant worlds! Eyes that affect my soul like the shining of planets."

"There is the new moon!" she said, looking into the heavens.

"It ought to be an omen of good fortune for some of us, Miss Southgate. The popular impulation is, I believe, that one ought to wish upon first seeing its crescent. If there is any fortunate wish-fault in that I am sure I wish with all my heart and soul. It is so easy to wish. But I have already wished just an instant ago. It was an esoteric desire, yet sure to be revealed one of these days."

"You make me anxious to know what it was," answered Gertrude, looking into his eyes. "My wish has been for a wish to know what you wish. I will so wish."

"And may you be fully rewarded and gratified. The moon is a most potent satellite, you know."

"Are you fond of astronomy, Mr. Marvin?"

"Passionately. I am interested just now in the study of a superb star. No spectrum analyzer can ever be made delicate enough to reveal its elements. It is its star of fate."

"You surprise and delight me, Mr. Marvin. I am so ardent a lover of the science. Have you really discovered a new orb?"

"I have, indeed," he answered, smiling.

"Not an asteroid, I hope. They're so common! Any one can discover asteroids."

"This is planet."

"Oh, I see! I was not aware that you were an astronomer. I'm so glad. I love the study intensely."

"I'm an amateur star gazer, Miss Southgate," he said, gazing at his star.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked, seeing his smiling, and with a thoroughly earnest look herself.

"I am. I am truly and earnestly in earnest. I am a star gazer, indeed. My friend, Prof. McClure and I, are deeply interested in planetary discoveries."

"Oh, how I should love that! Has he an observatory here?"

"Yes. A fine one, too. It was through the medium of his monster refracting telescope that I became enamored of Saturn! That most beautiful jewel of the heavens."

"Saturn!" she exclaimed, with a magnificent pallor, that the rosy rays of the sun could not warm. "Saturn! Ah, ha! I have seen Saturn through a telescope, and I became thrilled beyond all I think I can ever be indeed by a planet. It is so strange you and I should happen to chance upon that one planet!"

"It is strange," replied Eustace, feeling his mental heart-beat rise to his throat. "Yet if I am superstitious at all, I am so in relation to that planet."

"And so am I!" she answered. Then she lapsed into a musing mood and stood for some moments looking demurely at the sky.

"Do you believe in spiritism, Mr. Marvin?"

"I do, decidedly," Miss Southgate."

Turning full upon him her magnificent eyes she said: "whatever led you to accept such a tenderness."

"What led me? Miss Southgate—all nature! All God's creation. The marvel of this earth—the wonderful of yonder planet! How can I help accept a doctrine which is "ravians" to the general I glory in my belief!"

"Make me your disciple then!" she answered. "For you seem so wonderfully brilliant and happy in your creed that I fancy it must be a transcendent one. I too sometimes think that I am a believer in the doctrine; why, I know not—only that I feel that there's a world realities in dream than in so-called reality. I am so much happier in that condition."

"Even as your dreams," said Eustace, feeling an indefinable fear at his heart.

"Let me interpret them!"

"Ah! ha!" she laughed faintly—"I dare not, Mr. Marvin!—but look—who can that be—that figure moving there by the cypress yonder! How it startled me!"

The dimly revealed figure of a woman passed the shrubbery near where they were standing—then stopped an instant, and turned a white face upon them. Eustace could not distinguish the face in the gathering darkness—and he was on the point of going over to accost the intruder—when terrified with an expression of terror turned suddenly to retrace her steps back to the house.

"Come!" Miss Southgate," cried Eustace—"she has gone—do not be afraid. Look—there she goes down the path. Who is she? I wonder!"

2 to be continued.

Enlarged and Improved.

The Saturday Evening Post of the 19th inst. comes to us enlarged in size, and improved in appearance. Its columns are filled with a choice selection of literature, and matter interesting to the general reader.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A REQUIEM.

BY PETER PINDERMOOR.

Put on thy Sunday clothes, Ann,
The day is warm and fair,
And let us take a walk, Ann,
And breathe the country air.
And I will take my pipe, Ann,
And you your knitting bring
To yonder fallen tree, Ann,
And there we'll sit and sing.

We have led little pleasure, Ann,
As I think, since we were wed,
But we have had much pain, Ann,
And many things to dread.
We have had debts to pay, Ann,
And children to bring up,
And a place in Heaven
By these and other ways to get.

But never mind for that, Ann,
The reckoning we keep;
Thy days are few, Ann,
As those that I must reap.
For Death has the power
And he will have his way,
By those who go to church.

THE MARCHIONESS OF MURDER.

What may be called the social art of poisoning is generally connected with Italy. The history of that country is saturated with infernal drugs. Not to refer to the middle ages proper, the seventeenth century was remarkable for the multiplied poisonings. In Rome so many young widows avowed in the confessional to having got rid of their husbands by mysterious, deadly compounds, that the Church, without revealing the names of the penitents, felt moved to arrest the wide-spreading crime. Its agents were not long in discovering that an old hag, Hieronyma Spara, was the chief purveyor of the mischief. She sold to all crives who came well recommended, and which to be widowed, a transparent, odorless, tasteless liquor, which, administered according to directions, never failed to secure eternal repose. All the women implicated were young, most of them handsome and attractive, and not a few were members of the most ancient and illustrious families of the city. Such, when the discovery was made, were promptly hanged; others were whipped naked through the streets; and others, again, protected by their birth and position, were heavily fined and banished the country.

Even such rigorous measures did not prevent the murder, by slow poisons, of obnoxious husbands, who seemed to sicken and die from natural causes, and whose means of removal were kept, therefore, a profound secret. The illumination by birth, Tophania by name (the notorious Tophania, or Tofana, was called after her), long followed her fatal vocation in Naples, and was the inventor of the celebrated Aqua Tofana, which had a great reputation among the faithful; and, disguised with the pious title, Tophania's lethal liquid passed through the land, revered by the superstitious, to be swallowed without distrust. What it was, long remained unknown; but it was so much employed for felonious purposes that it was subsequently analyzed. Hahnemann thought of it as an arsenical or mercurial salt, which causes gradual loss of appetite, periodic faintness, stomachic pains, and decay of the pulmonary tissues. Nicole Garelli says it was arsenic dissolved in water, and infused with several herbs. A few drops in the coffee, wine, or wine, served the end; death being hastened or retarded by the quantity given.

Tophania prospered in a ripe old age. She had been in the habit of selling her drug, and she brought to justice. The authorities could not get hold of her; for she was constantly changing her name, residence and raiment; and put forward numerous pretenses to get at her hateful trade. She was at length tracked by the minions of the law. When her presence, she found sanctuary in convents, where she remained for months at a time. The ecclesiastic chain protected her to the last, but the agents and soldiers of the Viceroy of Naples tracked her into a nunnery, and, defying its sacred sanctity, arrested her, and put her to the torture, which she endured all but her terrible crimes along with the names of her employer. She seems not to have been wholly unscrupulous. She had so much sympathy with unhappy wives as to confess that she had secretly recommended them to separate from their husbands, and to live apart, rather than seek to get them out, when they were too poor to purchase, and persuaded them with her blessing and the means of divorce. Tophania died in bed, in the fate of the virtuous to suffer. After her confession, and while the priests were still declaring her to be a saint, a number of wicked soldiers secretly strangled her. And to this day, so it seems, the good Tophania has not been canonized.

France, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, gained an infamy for indiscriminate poisoning which certainly neither Italy had nor exceeded. It became a habit of the nation; to such a degree, indeed, that Madame de Sevigne writes in one of her letters that she is afraid Frenchman and poisoner may come to have the same meaning. But the French claim that the diabolical art was introduced by Italians. The crime had been rife for years, but had been done so artfully that the first knowledge of it was conveyed, as in Italy, through the confessional. There, also, wives avowed to the priests that they had put their lieges to endless sleep with the cunning help of Italian drugs. One of whom, Glaziri and Exili, were arrested for compounding and selling the poisons, and thrown into the Bastile. The former died in confinement; but the latter, seeking the acquaintance of another prisoner, Gandin de Sainte-Croix, initiated him into the mystery of refined murder, and so laid the foundation of one of the strangest, most dramatic, and startling histories in the reign of Louis XIV.

Sainte-Croix was a young army officer, an illegitimate though unacknowledged son of a distinguished nobleman, a handsome and clever fellow, unburdened with principles of any kind, who had been consigned to the Bastile through the influence of Dreux d'Aubray, a civil lieutenant of Paris, with whose daughter, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, he had been carrying on an intrigue. Having by the favor of the marquis, as base and profligate as himself, he had been introduced to the wife, young, beautiful, and accomplished, and immediately proceeded to win her heart, but not her fall she actively assisted him. The wife was an extraordinary character. She was as engaging as she was false, as outwardly amiable as she was inwardly diabolical. She had married the nobleman, a colonel of cavalry from Normandy, who had gone to the capital to spend to the best advantage his thirty thousand livres of income; and he had married her in an intoxication of the senses. Rakish by constitution and custom, he soon went in pursuit of new pleasures, leaving her to follow her own. Having made Sainte-Croix acquainted with her, he showed no uneasiness at an intimacy which could hardly have missed his notice. The fair and frail Marguerite became weary of her husband than he of her, and, after several years, during which she had passed more and more under the domination of her lover, she obtained a legal separation from the marquis on account of vices that he took no pains to conceal. Up to this time she had been very prudent in regard to public appearances; but now she conducted her liaison so openly that her father attempted to interrupt it by remonstrance and threats.

Sainte-Croix, who had been in Italy and learned there the secrets of the poisoner, was at this time in the habit of visiting Exili in the Bastile, and suggested discovery and opprobrium. The two became very friendly. The Italian taught the Frenchman how to make liquid poisons, and also how to use them, and also inheritance powder (poudre de succession), ironically so called because it insured inheritances from persons who had lived too long. Sainte-Croix was constantly administered throughout the kingdom.

Released from prison after a year, Sainte-Croix had grown expert in the nefarious pharmacy, and had decided to test it on the family of his mistress, from a double motive of revenge and avarice. He wanted to revenge himself on the father for causing his imprisonment, and to get rid of him and his immediate relatives in order that their property, which would be large might fall to Marguerite, who unperted him and could refuse him nothing. She had been represented as sweet and gentleness itself, and corrupted her heart and head by seducing her into crime after crime by passionate love she felt for him. No doubt he made her infinitely worse than she would have been if left to herself—a woman to be extremely led to withstand. Some men she would have stopped short of murder, probably, had she never known him. But pure or good she never was, according to her own confession. She was dangerous from her earliest years, and grew in sin as she grew in beauty; being at fourteen a pattern of loveliness and vice, a charming creature to be admired and feared. Hypocrisy was one inspiration with her, and Nature had added [illegible] to deceive by giving her a countenance and voice that were capable of imposing on almost anybody. Gayole de Pitaval, in his compilation of "Causes Celebres," and Madame de Sevigne, in her correspondence, speak of her innocent looks and winning manners, and the latter says that it was impossible to believe her guilty, so false was her face.

Gandin and Marguerite were well mated; they were admirably adapted to a partnership in crime. He could be as bland and gracious as she, and was as unscrupulous and unfeeling that he was thought to be one of the kindest and most amiable of men. Equipped with beauty, grace, intelligence, and wit, no wonder this extraordinary pair mastered for years with perfect security, and without the least suspicion.

During her lover's confinement she had affected the greatest benevolence and the deepest devotion. She distributed alms, visited the hospitals, took care of the sick, and performed so many offices of goodness and charity that many regarded her as a living saint. Her father and his family became entirely estranged from her, so that it was very easy for her to execute the infernal schemes concocted by Sainte-Croix He profited by his freedom to inspect the cells in which he had learned, and she proved to be a very apt pupil. He declared that, after six weeks tuition, she could manage poisons equal to Exili or himself. She made no objection to his proposal to kill her husband and children, and all his views, they set earnestly to work to devise the best method of carrying out the project. He prepared the powders, as he had the greater experience, and she undertook the delicate task of trying their efficacy, which, as the art was new in France, must be determined by actual experiment. She went to the hospitals of Paris with her subtle poisons, but not before she had observed their effects on dogs cats, and rabbits, and found that they accomplished what had been expected of them. The poisons were all slow poisons, some of them proving fatal in five or six weeks, and others in seven or eight months, so that they required the most careful handling. Particular attention needed to be paid to the dose and its repetitions, to be sure that the victim was regularly fed. Under the hideous pretense of benevolence, she handed delicacies to the patients, who thanked her with tears of gratitude and protestations of love, and who shrieked under her from the minions of the law. When her presence, she found sanctuary in convents, where she remained for months at a time. The ecclesiastic chain protected her to the last, but the agents and soldiers of the Viceroy of Naples tracked her into a nunnery, and, defying its sacred sanctity, arrested her, and put her to the torture, which she endured all but her terrible crimes along with the names of her employer. She seems not to have been wholly unscrupulous. She had so much sympathy with unhappy wives as to confess that she had secretly recommended them to separate from their husbands, and to live apart, rather than seek to get them out, when they were too poor to purchase, and persuaded them with her blessing and the means of divorce. Tophania died in bed, in the fate of the virtuous to suffer. After her confession, and while the priests were still declaring her to be a saint, a number of wicked soldiers secretly strangled her. And to this day, so it seems, the good Tophania has not been canonized.

France, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, gained an infamy for indiscriminate poisoning which certainly neither Italy had nor exceeded. It became a habit of the nation; to such a degree, indeed, that Madame de Sevigne writes in one of her letters that she is afraid Frenchman and poisoner may come to have the same meaning. But the French claim that the diabolical art was introduced by Italians. The crime had been rife for years, but had been done so artfully that the first knowledge of it was conveyed, as in Italy, through the confessional. There, also, wives avowed to the priests that they had put their lieges to endless sleep with the cunning help of Italian drugs. One of whom, Glaziri and Exili, were arrested for compounding and selling the poisons, and thrown into the Bastile. The former died in confinement; but the latter, seeking the acquaintance of another prisoner, Gandin de Sainte-Croix, initiated him into the mystery of refined murder, and so laid the foundation of one of the strangest, most dramatic, and startling histories in the reign of Louis XIV.

Sainte-Croix was a young army officer, an illegitimate though unacknowledged son of a distinguished nobleman, a handsome and clever fellow, unburdened with principles of any kind, who had been consigned to the Bastile through the influence of Dreux d'Aubray, a civil lieutenant of Paris, with whose daughter, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, he had been carrying on an intrigue. Having by the favor of the marquis, as base and profligate as himself, he had been introduced to the wife, young, beautiful, and accomplished, and immediately proceeded to win her heart, but not her fall she actively assisted him. The wife was an extraordinary character. She was as engaging as she was false, as outwardly amiable as she was inwardly diabolical. She had married the nobleman, a colonel of cavalry from Normandy, who had gone to the capital to spend to the best advantage his thirty thousand livres of income; and he had married her in an intoxication of the senses. Rakish by constitution and custom, he soon went in pursuit of new pleasures, leaving her to follow her own. Having made Sainte-Croix acquainted with her, he showed no uneasiness at an intimacy which could hardly have missed his notice. The fair and frail Marguerite became weary of her husband than he of her, and, after several years, during which she had passed more and more under the domination of her lover, she obtained a legal separation from the marquis on account of vices that he took no pains to conceal. Up to this time she had been very prudent in regard to public appearances; but now she conducted her liaison so openly that her father attempted to interrupt it by remonstrance and threats.

Sainte-Croix, who had been in Italy and learned there the secrets of the poisoner, was at this time in the habit of visiting Exili in the Bastile, frequently discovered and opprobrium. The two became very friendly. The Italian taught the Frenchman how to make liquid poisons, and also how to use them, and also inheritance powder (poudre de succession), ironically so called because it insured inheritances from persons who had lived too long. Sainte-Croix was constantly administered throughout the kingdom.

Released from prison after a year, Sainte-Croix had grown expert in the nefarious pharmacy, and had decided to test it on the family of his mistress, from a double motive of revenge and avarice. He wanted to revenge himself on the father for causing his imprisonment, and to get rid of him and his immediate relatives in order that their property, which would be large might fall to Marguerite, who supported him and could refuse him nothing. She had been represented as sweet and gentleness itself, and corrupted her heart and head by seducing her into crime after crime by passionate love she felt for him. No doubt he made her infinitely worse than she would have been if left to herself—a woman to be extremely led to withstand. Some men she would have stopped short of murder, probably, had she never known him. But pure or good she never was, according to her own confession. She was dangerous from her earliest years, and grew in sin as she grew in beauty; being at fourteen a pattern of loveliness and vice, a charming creature to be admired and feared. Hypocrisy was one inspiration with her, and Nature had added [illegible] to deceive by giving her a countenance and voice that were capable of imposing on almost anybody. Gayole de Pitaval, in his compilation of "Causes Celebres," and Madame de Sevigne, in her correspondence, speak of her innocent looks and winning manners, and the latter says that it was impossible to believe her guilty, so false was her face.

Gandin and Marguerite were well mated; they were admirably adapted to a partnership in crime. He could be as bland and gracious as she, and was as unscrupulous and unfeeling that he was thought to be one of the kindest and most amiable of men. Equipped with beauty, grace, intelligence, and wit, no wonder this extraordinary pair mastered for years with perfect security, and without the least suspicion.

During her lover's confinement she had affected the greatest benevolence and the deepest devotion. She distributed alms, visited the hospitals, took care of the sick, and performed so many offices of goodness and charity that many regarded her as a living saint. Her father and his family became entirely estranged from her, so that it was very easy for her to execute the infernal schemes concocted by Sainte-Croix He profited by his freedom to inspect the cells in which he had learned, and she proved to be a very apt pupil. He declared that, after six weeks tuition, she could manage poisons equal to Exili or himself. She made no objection to his proposal to kill her husband and children, and all his views, they set earnestly to work to devise the best method of carrying out the project. He prepared the powders, as he had the greater experience, and she undertook the delicate task of trying their efficacy, which, as the art was new in France, must be determined by actual experiment. She went to the hospitals of Paris with her subtle poisons, but not before she had observed their effects on dogs cats, and rabbits, and found that they accomplished what had been expected of them. The poisons were all slow poisons, some of them proving fatal in five or six weeks, and others in seven or eight months, so that they required the most careful handling. Particular attention needed to be paid to the dose and its repetitions, to be sure that the victim was regularly fed. Under the hideous pretense of benevolence, she handed delicacies to the patients, who thanked her with tears of gratitude and protestations of love, and who shrieked under her venomous administerings.

The day of retribution was at hand. An old mischance brought crimes to light which human vigilance had been unable to detect. Sainte-Croix had a secret laboratory, where he was in the habit of preparing his poisons, with were so deadly that he was compelled to wear a glass mask to prevent his inhaling the fumes. One day his mask slipped off, and the noxious vapors caused his death almost instantly.

The next morning his corpse was accidentally discovered in the obscure and dingy place in a remote quarter of the city, amid mysterious alembics, jars, vials, blow-pipes, furnaces, crucibles, and retorts. No one had known anything of the work-room; no one knew anything of him, as there was nothing on or about his person to identify him. But the strange circumstances looked so suspicious that the police took charge of the body and the laboratory. They were not long in finding a casket, accompanied by a letter directing anything that it should be immediately sent, without opening, to Madame de Brinvilliers, giving her address. The letter, dated Paris, May 25, 1672, had this strange wording:

"I entreat that any one into whose hands this casket may fall will have the kindness to deliver it in person to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, residing in the Rue Neuve de St.-Paul, and to her alone. Everything it contains belongs exclusively to her, and concerns her only; moreover, nothing in it can be of the least use to anybody but her. If she should die before it is sent, I most earnestly wish that the casket and its contents shall be promptly burned without opening. I solemnly swear, by the God I adore, that I assert nothing in this letter but the truth. I am a dying man, and only a few hours behind her. Having been apprised of this, she laughed, saying that one woman could outwit a dozen men, and that she had been outwitted."

Notwithstanding the many circumstances pointing to her guilt, there had been, up to this time, no absolute proof. But, as Fortune would have it, the valet of Sainte-Croix, who had been employed to make away with her two chests and a proficient in the black art, by whose agency they were buried in eight weeks. The earth apparently moved for the lover with excited suspicion; but so skillfully had everything been done that there was no person to suspect. The marchioness still had a sister, who was living with her husband, the lieutenant civil, and the greedy paramour wanted it all, he planned the latter's taking off. Her fears saved her; she seized the earliest opportunity to quit Paris, and take refuge in a convent in Picardy.

The faithless wife and murderous daughter had slain her nearest of kinsmen in behalf of her lover; she was now anxious to slay her husband on her own account. He had not troubled her since their separation; but she wanted to be free from him wholly that she might marry Sainte-Croix, whom she still loved with intense passionateness. Not knowing how to obtain a divorce, and naturally not wishing to appear in the courts under the circumstances, the easiest way seemed to sprinkle his path to the cemetery with a mystic powder. Her lover shared her purpose; but not her passion he had tired of her—though he pretended to approve her purpose, fearing, if balked in her desire and affection, that she might give him his quietus. It is quite likely, too, that he may have objected to her as a wife on general principles. He was bad enough, without coupling her with him by any legal tie; and it must be acknowledged that her fascinations were not of a nature to tempt him to matrimony. However disposed, she did not seem by depositing a moment; and it is not singular that the pupil of the Bastile should have proved more than a match for the master.

Madame Sainte-Croix. He kept his aversion to himself, however, and outwardly co-operated with her in her enterprise toward widowhood.

She showed a new interest in her liege, whose fondness for her had revived during their life apart. She invited him to spend the evening with her; she allowed him to caress her—a privilege he had learned to value from its infrequency—and he enjoyed her society as much that she was impelled to moderate his transports with sense of her strongest poison. The marquis, who appeared to have been an easy-of-indulgent, sensual sort, had never had the least surmise of his wife's homicidal habit. Consequently, when she offered him food, seasoned with the powder, he accepted it with a stately bow, and ate it with particular relish. Before he had been materially hurt by it, Sainte-Croix would stealthily give him an antidote made with the mucilage of quince, which was to preserve his own freedom; and of this knowledge earnestness and enthusiasm were born. Marguerite continued to administer her doses, and her husband continued to suffer and to languish; but he would have needed a copper stomach to hold out long with a physician in his house, the toughest brass, to withstand those continuous assaults upon his life. One day he swallowed the bane, next day the antidote; and so it went for weeks and months, to the great detriment of the marquis' tissues and to the amusement of the marchioness. Believing her powders had lost their virtues—or vices—she made her potions larger and stronger; and it was hardly her fault that the unfortunate gentleman who was the recipient of her favors was benefitted by her renewed determination to extinguish him.

Sainte-Croix was equally energetic on the other side, and between the slayer and the victim, Brinvilliers—so to speak—pushed into the grave in the morning and dragged out again in the evening, only to be pushed and dragged over again the day following, became little less than a receptacle of poisons and a walking ghost. He was a capital administerant of the lover's ability to make what the latter called "Italian broth," and he administered it faithfully. She advanced toward him eagerly. Stretching out his arms to her he called her "darling," and encircling her in his embrace slipped manacles upon her wrists, forced her into a close carriage ordered for the occasion, and, in company with two other policemen, drove her away in mingled astonishment, dismay and indignation.

Among her papers was found a general declaration in autograph (many women seem determined to preserve the evidence of their own sins, and the more indubitable it is the firmer their determination to preserve it), and by her head upon the block with a disdainful smile; the axe fell; an involuntary groan burst from the multitude, and when the head had been picked up, the disdainful smile was still upon the bloody face.

Then her body was burned, and the people hugged the spot for beyond the night, long after the last flame had expired, groping among the embers until morning came, and when evening succeeded, to find a fragment of his bones, and gathering up what they thought to be her ashes as sacred relics. They considered she had been slain by justice, and her arrest that her ashes had power to cure diseases, prevent sin, and ward off evil. Those who found nothing, and expected to find nothing, went to the sinking, like her own life, in crime. Such was the spirit of the marchioness was in the air, and that they should be blest by breathing the same atmosphere in which she had perished.

The trial of the marchioness soon took place. Despite the superabundant evidence, she still protested her innocence until, sentenced to the torture, she unloosened herself at once, avowed so many and such frightful crimes as had never been imagined, some of them so execrable and hideous to be recounted. She had a long conference with the procurateur general, the nature of which was not divulged, owing, as was believed, to the direct implication of prominent nobles and officers. Her husband, who had been indifferent to her when he had believed her only disloyal and ordinarily wicked, was fascinated anew, after he had learned what a monster she really was, and, when she had returned through his suspicion of her person writing efforts to poison him. May not the heart of man be touched and subdued by the woman who he knows, to the extent of her power, can a certain sense of deserving death infatuate him with her who is anxious to cause it? Whatever the reason, the Marquis, after his wife's arrest, moved Heaven and earth to procure her punishment. He was consequently one of the most families of the kingdom, and he strained his influence to the utmost in her behalf. But she was pronounced guilty by the Supreme Criminal Court, and sentenced (July 16, 1676) to be drawn on a hurdle, in her chemise, her feet bare, a rope about her neck, a burning torch in her hand, to the church of Notre Dame, where she was to ask pardon for all the people; then to be taken to the Place de Greve and there to be beheaded; after which her body was to be given to the flames and her ashes scattered to the winds.

She received her sentence unmoved, with apparent unconcern. From the day of her sentence she had shown a perfect courage, and had resumed her devotion. Still, she shrank, woman-like, from the degrading ordeal which her execution compelled. Albeit she believed that her sentence would not be carried out, she tried several times to commit suicide in prison, and never surrendered hope until she was mounting the scaffold. Even then the bitter disappointment did not reveal itself. She smiled as she ascended, unaided, and said, "Now this seems to be really in earnest."

It was about six o'clock on a delightful evening, that the marchioness was taken to the block. She was perfectly calm, self-possessed, even cheerful. Reduced to a single garment, she had no scope for display; and a last effective toilet—dear to every French woman—was also no opportunity to die with her hair becomingly dressed, in an admirably fitting gown, exhaling the aroma of the latest fashion. And yet, in spite of all new, regretive terrors of death, she was unblanched, and looked lovely. Though about forty, still she had not lost her beauty, and the execution could not take away her loveliness. Her face, always sweet and innocent in expression, seemed sweeter and more innocent than ever. Her rich hair, fine as floss, fell in ripples of flaxen gold over her white neck, white shoulders, and her eyes shone with a starry and winning lustre. Her lave feet, exquisitely shaped, and the admirable proportions of her diminutive figure, were clearly visible as she was drawn along. She was overwhelmed by the regrio's "Reading Magdalen," and thousands of eyes were riveted upon her. "She looks like a beautiful child," said one; "she's an angel!" said another; "She cannot be guilty with such a lovely face," cried a third; and so she ran the gauntlet of admiration and criticism until she ate stood the harrowing spectacle. Having arranged, as she may, certain habits of distinction, she were unmoved in their desire to get a glimpse of her, she relished them with their vanity. "This is truly a charming sight in deed!" said her ripe lips curled in supreme scorn.

All Paris, rich and poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the great and the vulgar, were pressing along the quays of the Seine to witness the dismal show. Artists were there, in front among the rest, to sketch her features, to catch of the appearance of the human physique before the vision of death. They were all disappointed. There beheld nothing but a very small, graceful, handsome woman, of self-possession, stoical, exposed to a vast curious gaze to which she seemed indifferently superior. Jealous of fame as Beranger, who has described the event was on the Notre-Dame bridge. She says she had never seen such a throng of people of all kinds and conditions; she had never known Paris to be so interested and so affected. Hundreds who had come to gratify the prisoner, who had declared no punishment severe enough for her, were so moved by her looks and demeanor, her courage and resignation, that they pitied and prayed for; were ready to risk their lives in an attempt to rescue her from the clutches of the law. Popular feeling, always so sinful and so good, was fluctuating and totally changed. They who would have torn her limb from limb a month before, were read to fall down and kiss her feet, to worship her as a martyr! Professional courtiers prayed for her; women of the highest rank gazed at her through their weeping tears.

The marchioness, as the hurdle moved on, embraced—the executioner on one side of her and her confessor on the other—begged the latter to pray for her soul. She said that she might not see that rascal Desgrais (he stood a little distance in front of her), who had so basely entrapped her. She was a Gaul to her fingers' ends, and deliberately sacrificed her brothers, her father, her own child, and could poison poor patients in the hospital when they blessed her for her charity; but she would not and could not pardon the man who had betrayed her in love and made her feel the contrayal, but the means of its accomplishment rendered the offense unvenial. "That wretch," she had often said, "I shall never forget him even in the next world, and I am sure that God will not forgive him." The Parisians also felt incensed against the agent of the police. For a long time after the execution he kept himself concealed. If he had ventured out alone, there is little doubt that he would have been killed by some of the populace, infuriated against him for his treachery.

Having mounted the scaffold, the chamber little demon calmly surveyed the mighty concourse; glanced up and down the turbid stream, at the towers of Notre-Dame, and at the encircling, like her own life, in crime. Such was the spirit of the marchioness was in the air, and that they should be blest by breathing the same atmosphere in which she had perished.

What an encouragement to evil-doing was the publication of that report! Every person in France, desirous to remove any person who happened to stand in the way of his pleasure, ambition, or interest, availed themselves of that he could make such removal with impunity. The inheritance powders were sold in the leading cities of the kingdom, and it is related that in the single year succeeding the flight of Madam de Brinvilliers, twenty thousand Frenchmen were poisoned. For a good while the compounders and venders of the deadly drug were almost exclusively the Italians, the descendants or followers of those who had come into the country with that precious Jezebel, Catherine de Medici, whom the French have pronounced the pioneer of poisoning.

The subtle Italian who had been in which Sainte-Croix and his mistress employed with such terrible effect was the aqua Tofana, whose chief ingredient, arsenic, is very easily discovered by the chemist's examination. It must have been a grim satisfaction to Marguerite de Brinvilliers—if she had any knowledge of this world after her decapitation—to be aware of the diabolical seed she had sown, and of the diabolical harvest her imitators had gathered.

Slightly Mixed.

MY DARLINGS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

My darlings are many and fair to see,
Sweetheart, rose, and tender flowers,
That lighten my heart of many a load,
And brighten the summer hours.

Babies like they flecks of foam;
Pansies with hearts of gold;
Daisies with their modest grace,
And their delicate leaves unfold.

Roses of stately white lilies guard
The path to the cottage door;
While the wood creeper and fry throw
Bits of shade on the floor.

Queens of the meadow, and royal kings,
Crowned with crimson and white,
Make all the paths in the neighborhood glow
Like the eyes of our darling bright.

Like pools of flame, the pimpernel lie
Where the patches of sunshine fall,
And the tall spikes of althæa gay
Stand close to the garden wall.

O, many and fair, my darlings are,
But dearer than all to me
Are the baby hands that catch at the sun,
As it peeps through the old oak tree.

The dark-fill'd eyes with the rings of gold,
To match the shade of his hair;
And down by the brook, two violets grow,
Like the eyes of our darling fair.

Wee pattering feet, that all day long,
Roam over the garden wide,
Crushing the spots in the butterflie's wings,
Or eggs in the nest of a plover.

Dear little feet, that may sometimes find,
Will come at a cherry's bidding;
Tender blue eyes, that may watch in vain,
For the dawn of a lodgepole sunset.

Rose-red lips that may sometimes sigh,
For the lonesomeness of childhood's years,
As they toddle in the hush of the early morn,
Dew wet, as with fallen tears.

PERILOUS JOURNEY FOR A WIFE.

BY E. W. P.

The incidents I am about to relate happened when I was a very young man, consequently it must have been a very long time ago—before Isaac's luck, above or beneath the water, or even telegraphs, were thought of—at least, by the general public.

At the period, I was clerk in the Bank of Foulston Brothers, New York. I had arrived in that city a mere lad. Good fortune had cast me in the way of Edward and James Foulston —a species of Cheeryble Brothers in their character. They perceived a capability in me, and I rose from a junior not only to be head clerk, but my employer's friend. Nay, more—I had fallen in love with Bella Foulston, Mr. Edward's daughter, and my affection was reciprocated.

We loved each other dearly, and Mr. Foulston did not object to the union, only he made the proviso that I should first rise to be a junior partner.

"To be that," he said, "you must invest two thousand pounds in the bank. Not that the bank wants it, Tom, but to prove you can be economical, and capable of keeping your expenditure within your means. Your salary is a fair one, enabling you to save, if you like. The time, therefore, when you shall call Bella yours depends entirely upon your own exertions."

I need not say that after this I nearly starved myself; nevertheless, the weeks seemed awfully long, and the months were never full enough to my mind. Still I did not despair, for I knew her heart was as true as steel; or, a better simile, as faithful as my own.

So I plodded on until I was within five hundred of the needful amount, when one evening, after the bank was shut, and I sat alone engaged upon some accounts in the manager's room, who with his family, lived in the house, Mr. Richard Foulston, a nephew of the old firm, sent a word to me, went and opened the iron safe.

I noticed he appeared troubled; his face was pale, his lips quivered.

"What is the matter, sir?" I exclaimed, anxiously. "Anything wrong?"

For a moment he did not answer; then he refrained my question with another.

"Tom," he said, looking out at me, his body being half in the safe, "where are those circular notes and papers upon our agents, Messrs. Froissart and Co., Paris?"

"Where, sir?" I replied. "Why, in there. That is, I expect so. If you remember you had them out yesterday afternoon signing, and was still looking over them when the bank was closed, and the gold and deeds lowered into the cellars."

"Just so; therefore I told Jephson to lock them up in the safe until morning."

"Yes, sir; and I saw him place them there myself," said I.

"Ah! but did you see him take them out, Tom?"

"Out? No, sir. He could scarcely have done that. He has been away all day through illness."

"Illness! Tom, I have just heard that Jephson was seen on the vessel which started for Havre this morning."

"Good heavens, Mr. Foulston!" I cried, startling up. "What do you mean—the papers—the circular notes—?"

"Are gone, Tom," said my employer. "I don't know how it was, but directly I heard of his departure I divined the truth. I have always distrusted that fellow, to James's annoyance. Well, if he presents them at Froissart's before they can be warned, and they can't be, it's a matter of twenty thousand pounds out of our pockets into his!"

Twenty thousand pounds! My hair seemed lifted off my head. My having been for so long striving after a trifle short of that sum, made it seem a double large in my ears. I cried, "Oh, sir, impossible! You will not let the scoundrel get it, at least without an effort? He should be followed."

"An effort, Tom? What effort can we make? He has the start of us."

"True, sir; but some ships are wrecked, while some get safely to port. It is not the horse that always takes the lead which always wins the race."

"You are right," exclaimed Mr. Edward, leaping up from the chair upon which he had been seated. "It is wrong to be throwing good money after bad; but I'd give five hundred out of my own pocket to baulk the rascal, and have him punished. The question is who shall be sent? It ought to be some one who first found out it in the bank, and will not let the grass grow beneath his feet."

A thrill ran through my frame, which made my voice tremulous as I replied, "Me, Mr. Edward, as I feel a greater interest than I? Let me go. I swear what can be done I will do."

Catching my hand, he pressed it gratefully.

"I believe it, Tom, and could not wish a better man. I be entchained. "Yes, and if you get the villain arrested, Bella shall be yours without further waiting. If you prevent his obtaining the money, on your return you shall have a thousand pounds and a partnership.

It was for me now to grasp his hand, and look gratified. My heart was in my mouth. I felt Bella was already mine. Seizing my hat, I rushed off to ascertain when the next ship sailed from New York. Not for a week. But I was informed that one sailed from a distant port the next morning. Did I ride full speed all that night, I might get a passage in her. I resolved to try.

Mr. Edward was having a horse saddled upstairs, took a farewell of Bella, and removed her anxieties by telling her her father's presence there. I listened to my lodging close and, half an hour after the dark night by

[illegible]

Horses was already getting under weigh when I arrived. I had barely time to spring on deck, and throw myself exhausted upon a seat, when it moved from the quay.

I need not my how long the voyage appeared; how anxiously I watched its wind and our rate of speed; how cautiously I paced the deck all day; how restlessly I slept all night; how my heart rose when the captain declared we were making an excellent passage, and how it sank when I suddenly below zero when he said the wind had veered, being dead in our teeth.

After that we got a side-wind, and after that we were struck by such a tempest that it was with excellent our ship was decked.

Night settled upon our terror. Blackness was everywhere, save when the white-crested waves flashed forth with singular luminosity. The ship, drifting, refused to answer the helm, and the captain soon lost all reckoning as to where we were. He only knew we must be near the land—a fact which added equally to our alarm as to our danger.

Unfortunately, shipwrecks have been too frequently described by sufferers therefrom for me to relate the fearful scene which ensued; the awful shrieking of the helpless women; the despair of the men; the calm, dauntless demeanor of the captain and crew, enforcing discipline when discipline was our only safety.

I, too, was calm, because I had reached the very depths of despair. All hope had died within me; for, if saved, I saw this delay must prevent the possibility of my even getting Jephson overtaken.

Finally, the ship struck on some hidden reefs, which, from the pitch-and-toss fashion they used her, threatened very shortly not to leave a plank holding together.

The word came for lowering the boats. The women were placed first, then the men, then the crew; and lastly, the captain.

No sooner were we afloat than, as if weary of its play, the storm began to abate; and the clouds parting, enabled us to descry, at about a mile distant, a long line of rugged coast. To it our boats were with difficulty pulled. We made some way, however; and, after a while, could see, on the shore, figures bearing lights.

I hinted that they might be wreckers; but the captain, after a careful scrutiny through the night-glass, assured us we were among honest fishermen, and were seeking to render aid. But such aid, thank Heaven, proved unnecessary. The storm more and more abated, and the boats were run safely on shore.

No sooner had I my feet on terra-firma than my hopes began again to rise. Though I knew only a miracle could prevent my arriving too late, I determined to proceed; my difficulty was the means.

Those who wished to be had been landed was only a poor hamlet of Brenton fishermen, as ignorant as they were honest and pious. I could speak French tolerably, but found it of little use, as they understand them, or to make myself understood. Here was a fresh obstacle. I was mad to desperation. I consulted the captain.

"Means of proceeding to Paris, my dear sir," he said. "As far as I can see at present, the only means are your own legs. This appears a most out-of-the-world place, and Heaven alone knows how the people around us manage to obtain shelter for the night. Take my advice, wait until morning, then one of these fishers will convey you in his boat to some more civilized part of the coast."

"Morning!" I ejaculated, dashing my hands to my head. "More than my life—my future happiness may depend upon those few short hours."

Presently I was startled by a voice inquiring, in pure French, what was the cause of my trouble.

I turned, and beheld a tall, strongly-built man, with a broad, kindly countenance. His style of hat, and the sontane, though of the coarsest, which he wore, told me I looked upon the cure.

"My trouble, monsieur," I answered, "is my inability to proceed at once to Paris."

"Paris! Surely, my son, you would not attempt it in this state. You are wet through.

"My mental anxiety dominates my physical fatigue, monsieur," I rejoined, and rapidly recounted my mission, ending thus: "I would give fifty pounds to be able to continue my journey."

"I will not ask you so much as that," smiled the cure. "But if you will proceed, the only way is on horseback, and the only horse in this place is mine. It is at your service."

I grasped his hand in silence. I was too overjoyed to speak.

He led me to his parsonage, and showed me his horse, a strong, heavy, but serviceable animal. The bargain was struck, and while I saddled my purchase, the cure sat down and on paper the direction I was to take to R——, a town where I could procure a conveyance to the capital.

"From the land-marks I have placed here," he said, "you will have no difficulty in keeping the right route. Indeed, the danger does not lay here, but——"

He stopped so abruptly, that I inquired, "In what, monsieur? Are there robbers—highwaymen?"

"Oh, dear, no. The Breton are honest folk in this quarter. The danger is in the wolves. The winter has been severe, and made them bold.

"Wolves!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," replied the cure, carelessly. "When I so readily fell into your guile, I had utterly forgotten them. I now entreat you to take a Breton's advice, who knows the peril, and wait for dawn."

"Thanks, monsieur," I answered resolutely. "But were the wolves trebly as bold I would go on."

No persuasions could change my purpose; so, with a last farewell, the cure gave me a pair of pistols I deemed it wise to purchase, I set out alone over the wild land of Brittany, to me quite terra incognita.

A few moments took me beyond view of the hamlet; and in front, as far as I could see, extended a wild, sandy waste, covered with furze and bracken and vast tracks of broom.

It was a scene calculated to fill a man with awe and thoughts of the supernatural. To add to it, the wind occasionally rushed across the land in moaning, tearing gusts, like the sobs of its past passion; while the moonlight, flashing out at intervals, made the prospect yet more weird.

To all this, metaphorically, I shut my eyes; and, whenever my spirits drooped, I thought of the prize for me at home, and pressed on with renewed vigor.

After three hours' riding I came in sight of one of the cure's particular landmarks—a pile of granite rocks, I pass through which I had to traverse. Almost simultaneously an event occurred which made my heart turn sick. My horse fell lame.

Dismounting, by the aid of my lantern I examined the hoof, hoping to find the mishap merely a stone. I knew little about such matters; but I saw it was not that.

What was I to do in that wild waste, on foot, with a lame horse and night about me? I could not help it, I flung myself on the ground, and wept in despair.

Abruptly the color fled from my cheek, my breathing ceased, and I quickly rising to my knees, I listened. Had I been mistaken? No! On the wind came the distant sound of a prolonged howl or bay—one, two, three! "Heaven preserve me!" I cried, springing erect. "The wolves!"

As I spoke, the beast, too, caught the scent, and would have fled, but owing to his hamstrung I was in time to prevent him.

What was I to do? My pistol and lantern were my sole defence. What were they against a pack of wolves fierce and hunger?

I looked helplessly around. The rocks were in front, and I felt they might afford me facility of escape. But I knew Jephson must now have long got beyond the reach of the law with his ill-gotten wealth.

Still feverishly excited, I felt I could take no rest, so, in a moment of mind, until I had seen Edmund Froissart & Co.

My journey being marked by no further accidents, need not be minutely detailed. Reach R——, I procured a quicker conveyance, and without even waiting to arrange my toilette, started for Paris. On arriving there, the people stared at me as if I had been a wild man of the desert, or an escaped lunatic. Indeed, my appearance was sufficient excuse. My hair was lank; my beard of nearly three day's growth; my face pale, haggard, and sunken; and my clothes in many places rent. I smiled to myself as I met with a succession of mild water, a fight with wolves, a sleep on a dry furze bed, and travelling from Brittany to Paris.

As may be understood, I paid small head to their astonishment. Hailing a fiacre, I was driven at once to Messrs. Froissart & Co's. As I alighted, and pushed through the swinging door, I exclaimed mentally, "Now the moment which decides all has arrived! Am I too late, or——"

"I was seized by such a violent agitation that, even to my self, I could not complete that sentence. Fortunately, I had not failed that the intervention of the most improbable miracle could alone make me in time. Yet, now, that the goal was reached, so powerful a hope sprang up in my breast as to totally overcome me.

Staggering up to the counter, I asked if Monsieur Froissart was within, and demanded instantly to see him. In my agitation, I spoke in English. The clerks stared at me amazed, or in ridicule.

"He is drunk," said one.

"He is a lunatic," remarked another.

The language reassured me. I answered in their own language.

"I am neither one nor the other. I come from Foulston Brothers, New York, and must instantly speak to Monsieur Froissart."

My manner convinced them something was wrong. A clerk hurried away, and, shortly after, I was conducted into the manager's room.

I only saw it dimly, as I was but vaguely conscious of a tall, dark man, seated by a table, who started up, and retreated as I reeled towards him.

Like a dull, booming sound, I heard myself saying some words—what, I had not the slightest idea; then I fell forward in a swoon upon the floor.

For a week I was delirous. When I recovered I was in Monsieur Froissart's house, being attended to by Monsieur Froissart's servants.

Directly I was conscious, Monsieur Froissart appeared at my bedside, and eagerly I besought him to inform me whether I had made myself intelligible before I fainted.

"Perfectly, my dear sir," he answered. "Your sentences were strung, but to the purpose. You said, 'I am the confidential clerk of Messrs. Foulston's, New York. Circular notes from their house on yours have been stolen. Don't wish them cashed.' Was it not?"

"But have they been presented?" I cried anxiously.

"Certainly not, my friend! I have heard nothing of it as yet."

"Nothing!" I ejaculated, overjoyed yet confounded. "Yet he who stole them must have reached Havre long before this. How can the villain have contrived to delay the mail coach?"

M. Froissart requested to be told full particulars, and I related minutely Jephson's flight and my pursuit.

"Good heavens, my friend!" he cried, raising his hands. "You deserve all you got for your courage and daring. The wolves of Brittany. Ha! I am a Breton, and know them. You must have more lives than one, and merit your reward. What was the name of this Jephson's ship?"

"The Michigan."

"The Michigan!" repeated M. Froissart, who, without another word, hastened from the room.

He soon returned, holding a newspaper in his hand.

"See, monsieur," he said, pointing to a paragraph, "the mystery is wholly explained."

"Truly—yes. The Michigan, struck by a gale, had foundered off Brest, and many lives had been lost. Bad fortune had pursued me, but he certainly did my position. Jephson, I arose instantly from my bed, and accompanied by M. Froissart, repaired to Brest. Several bodies had been recovered, and the first I looked upon was my defaulting clerk's. Nathaniel Jephson. He was confronted the authorities of the whole matter, when Jephson's luggage was got up from the Michigan, it was handed over to me, and in one of the portmanteaus I found about the same amount of notes as I had lost myself, and by which I had won a wife and a fortune.

There is no need to write more. I am now the acting partner of Foulston Brothers and Merrihew's Bank, the principals having retired. Bella has so long been my wife, that four little faces gather frequently round her skirts to listen, while uncle Tom relates how he once fought with a bear, to papa's shipwreck and fight with the Breton wolves.

HOUSEKEEPER.

CURRIED EGGS.—Take six eggs, boiled hard; into a saucepan put a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a table-spoonful of flour and three dessert spoonfuls of curry powder, the size to be regulated by family taste; mix well together, then slice into the butter the eggs, with a teacup of cream, and let it simmer for ten minutes.

SPONGE.—Pick it over very carefully and wash it in several waters, to free it from its very gritty dirt. Let it remain in the last water until it is perfectly free from grit. Take out with a pair of hands; shake out fresh water, and put it into the saucepan with a handful of salt. Squeeze it down with a spoon, and let it boil till tender; but do not overboil it, or it will become sour, so great a will prevent it from being delicious. Place it on a dish and garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in rings. Fresh sponge should be put in boiling water, and place being sufficient to keep it moist, and the flavor is much finer and more delicate than with it. Those in the habit of using water should try this method, and be convinced.

CHEAPLY PUDDING.—Grate the meat of one cocoanut, and mix with it the same quantity of bread crumbs or Boston crackers cut into thin with the grated cocoanut, add a pint of milk and three eggs well beaten, a little salt, and sweeten to taste, or instead, one pint of thick sweet cream. Beat six eggs whites to a froth, and stir in the last thing. Take out half cup full of the mixture and put aside. Butter well the pudding dish, and bake like custard. Spread the top with jelly.

A NICE RECIPE FOR BREAKFAST.—Take half a pound of fine sugar, and rub it with the yolks of two eggs; then put into over this two cups of sweet milk and a little nutmeg; add half a pound of flour, and one spoonful of butter; rub this mixture constantly. Roll out beaten crackers very fine, and stir in very gradually; then bake in a quick oven.

TO RESTORE POLISH TO FURNITURE.—A paste made of fifty-one parts of tripoli, and of linseed oil (raw) seventy-two parts of previously warmed oil of turpentine, will restore the polish to furniture. Shake and rub on with a woollen rag, and when dry rub thoroughly with a soft woollen rag.

TO REMOVE SMOKE AND DUST FROM WALL PAPER.—Take a large piece of stale bread, and commence at the top and work down well. Then take a stale loaf of bread cut in slices, and rub the wall side, first the crust, and then the soft. Be sure to use it. It will also clean spots of fruit or whitewash.

QUICK WASHING CAKE.—Two and one half cups fine flour, one and one half cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, three eggs, one cupful milk, two cups of table spoonfuls rum, one half nutmeg, one-half pound raisins, one pound currants, one quarter teaspoonful soda.

Still Holds Its Own.

[Democratic Expounder Marshal, Mich.]

The Saturday Evening Post comes to us enlarged to 56 columns. It has taken on a new dress and is otherwise improved in its appearance. It is the oldest literary paper in America, having been established in 1821, and still holds its own among the leading journals of the day.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, May 10, 1877.

French politics seem to be getting more and more and people who have been disgusted to say unkind things about our way of conducting parliamentary business, will certainly consider the present Chambre des Deputies a perfect bear garden. One angry debate follows another, in which members of the different parties call each other names of the most violent kind, language, in fact, which would be considered unparliamentary in any other country. Such an infringement of the rights of the Pope, and several of the French Bishops have issued circulars and sent out pastorals which have been read in all the French Government possessing at Rome on the subject. As according to the "concordat" and the Articles of Organic, no Bull or Encyclical can be published in France without the consent of the Government, has been called on to represent this movement and their measures have not subdued many of the Republicans. The Ultra Montane party has been as Interpellation of M. Jules Simon on the subject. Simon made two speeches, one ensuing day, and the Right, who had expected to be left, and, as is generally the case, neither satisfactory to the Pope or to the Republicans, and the Left, who, as is generally the case, neither satisfactory to the Pope or to the Republicans, and the Left, and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA 1821 1877

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
With Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post one year and Haunted Altars, "No Box" and the Discovery of the Mississippi."
For $3.00, the Post one year and Orphan Sisters.
For $5.00, the Post 2 months and Haunted Altars.
For $5.00,the Post 2 months and Unprotected Females.

Without Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post Six Months.

CLUB RATES.
Five Copies, one year, $8.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year $26.00.

Any extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.
Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.
In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in Advance.
Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.
Special Notices 75 cents per line.
Business Notices, $1.00 per line.
Address all orders and make all drafts payable to
SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Harald Building,
97 South Seventh Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1877.

LITERATURE AS AN ART.

That literature is pre-eminently a fine art is beginning to be understood in this country, as it has long been understood in France and England and among most of the leading European peoples where there is more leisure for esthetic labor.

It is not only in poetry that the writer is and ought to be an artist, it is in the whole field of prose composition where really lies the domain of literary art.

In description, in character drawing, the literary artist must ever seek to let the art conceal the art. A work of art should be a work of beauty—if it be not it is no work of art—since that is its main end. The subject is of very little importance, the probability of the story may not import, but it is chiefly in the artistic treatment of his subject that the author makes his mark, as the painter makes his picture, transcendent chef d'œuvre.

How is a writer to become an artist? Simply by studying nature closely—not only broadly but minutely. The great masters of fiction always went to nature, as the painter goes to nature for his effects, not only for descriptions of scenery, but also for character. Walter Scott never wrote a description of a place in one of his novels without previously making a journey to get every detail of the scene, which he portrayed so wonderfully. The opening scene of "Ivanhoe" is a master example of beautiful art.

American writers are fortunately losing their slip-shod style, their coarseness and want of feeling in their work, and the future of literary art in America looks very hopeful.

Style is all important in literary art. Hitherto it has been largely ignored, and the clearness and effect of the story destroyed or marred thereby. But style must be subservient to the command of that ruling goddess, beauty, and obedient to her law—otherwise the very simplicity of style may detract from an otherwise artistic effect.

As a master of picturesque style, and as a literary artist par excellence, we commend to our readers, and to students of magnificent English, the varied and wonderful writings of Thomas DeQuincy.

DANGER FROM FIRE-CRACKERS.

Among the whiz, bang, noise and clatter of fire crackers on the Fourth of July, few people take time to consider how much they have to pay for this kind of spread-eagle patriotism. But this matter has been thought about and the National Board of Fire Underwriters have given to the community some facts in relation to it of startling force and pertinency. All the fire crackers imported into the United States in twelve years, and on which duty has been collected, only reach a valuation of $1,500,000. In contrast to this is set the fact that the loss by two fires occasioned by the explosion of these dangerous playthings amounted to over $15,000,000.

The insurance companies paid for fires on the 4th of July, 1875, occasioned by fire crackers, $154,374, while in that whole year but $160,095 worth of crackers were imported into the United States. Another noticeable fact is that for every dollar's worth of crackers imported, a direct loss of one hundred dollars has been occasioned. Now upon the strength and potency of these facts and figures, the Board of Fire Underwriters ask the authorities of all cities to legislate in such a way as to diminish the danger on the national holiday from fire-crackers. It is a matter of prime consequence to promptly holders. A powder contrivance, in the hands of a thoughtless, heedless boy, may kindle a conflagration that will consume a million dollars' worth of property, and terrible more than one human life. Such occurrences are unfortunately not few or rare. They are recorded after each morning 4th of July. In many places there are ordinances regulating the use of firecrackers on the national holiday. Some annually decorate blank walls and fences afford in the papers. But annually they are disregarded, and cities and villages burn with fireworks under the very eyes of the officers. There is time enough before now and the 4th of July to consider the matter and see "what is going to be done." The importance of considering it, we think, is sufficiently set by the facts and figures above given.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Almost every day, the various newspapers of the land teem with accounts of poisoning by incompetent druggists or their equally unreliable assistants. Surely there should be some way to put a stop to this; we mean an effectual stop, for we know that, in most sections of the country, precautions are adopted to do away with the danger arising from the vending of drugs and medicines by persons not thoroughly posted in the business, but the trouble is that these precautions are miserably inadequate. The Chicago Inter-Ocean thus discourses editorially on the subject: Druggists and druggists' assistants, of all sort, ought to be the soberest, steadiest, and best posted in their profession. Even more than the doctors they may be said to hold the lives of the community in their hands. One false quantity, the substitution of one drug for another, and instead of curing they may kill. That many incompetent men are permitted to dispense drugs is becoming only too apparent in the United States. Scarcely a week passes but we are called upon to record the death of some person or persons through the criminal negligence or ignorance of those who handle the means of making or marring health. The last case reported comes from Fort Wayne, Ind. The daughter of Charles Rapp, of Cherubusco, went to a drug store for quinine, surely the commonest and simplest of drugs. The druggist sent morphine, and the young lady died in six hours. If this were one case in many years, it would be horrible enough; unfortunately it is an affair of at least monthly occurrence. Surely there is enough law in the land to meet a crime, for we cannot characterize it by any other name, of such magnitude and dangerous precedent. Such a mistake admits of no possible palliation. If there were more examples made of such culpably incompetent persons, we should have fewer cases of culpable homicide upon the part of druggists to record.

It is gratifying to observe that on every side it is admitted that the health of American women is improving, that is they are becoming more robust, from increased out-door exercise and the discarding of some of the hurtful prejudices of fashion that have hitherto held them in thrall. A contemporary has the following sensible article on this theme: When Charles Dickens visited this country for the second time he was impressed by the improvement in the women since his first visit; they looked "better fed than formerly." There is no doubt that American women are steadily improving in health, and may, if they continue in the right path, eventually compete with their robust English sisters. They now enjoy better food, better air, better habits as to bathing and exercise. The great increase of athletic games, the greatly increased proportion of seaside and mountain life in summer; the thicker shoes and boots of women and little girls, permitting them to go out more freely in all weathers—these are among the most prominent gains. If they would go further still, and substitute horseback riding for carriage driving, the result would be even more gratifying. It is comparatively rare to find an English lady who is not a good horsewoman, and many of them can ride to hounds in the chase of the fox or huntsman. The difference between riding a spirited steed daily for a couple of hours, and lolling back in a cushioned carriage, as our ladies do when they visit air and exercise, is too apparent for comment; what its effect on the health of the nation must be, also requires no comment. Another cause of good health of English women is that they seem generally satisfied to remain as God made them. Tight lacing is also considered disreputable. In consequence, they not only enjoy the benefit of good constitutions, but really present better figures than the women of those nations where tight lacing is the rule.

One of the effects of the European war in this country is that it has filled our newspapers with unpronounceable names, both Russian and Turkish. It is equivalent to a lesson in geography and the languages to read one of the luminous despatches from the seat of strife.

Clara Morris, the noted emotional actress, cannot rest satisfied unless she is performing, and when ill-health compels her to abandon the stage temporarily, she is altogether inconsolable. Miss Morris looks on acting as a necessary means of existence instead of as a way of making money, and seems to think that she could not live if she did not play. When engaged in the rendition of a role she absolutely loses herself in it, and, from time to time, utters words pertinent to the situation, to be sure, but not in the text of the piece. These words she says are inspirations and the outgrowth of the theme on which she is pondering. Altogether, Miss Morris is a study, apart from her ability as a performer.

London, whilst perhaps not so attractive to the majority of travelers as Paris, is yet, without doubt, the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and the world. It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross, nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within those boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. Has a birth in every five minutes. Has a death in every eight minutes. Has seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets. Has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened, and 9,000 new houses built in it every year. Has 125 persons every day, and 45,000 annually, added to its population; has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 20,000 per annum; has more than one third of the crime in the country committed in it; has as many beer-shops and gin-palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth; has a drunken population of seventy-three millions of money; has a drunken population of seventy-three millions of money; has a drunken population of seventy-three millions of money

HER NAME.

BY VIOLET PAUL.

On the same new cote'a name by which to call him!
Oh! for some name no other life can give!
Some name that shall be his alone—sacred, holy,
That has been said by those who could not live!

"Darling," the sweetest name without a meaning,
"Love," used to many a soulless, worthless one,
"Sweet," oh said to those who are not desired,
"Dear," that is not worth breathing when alone!

Oh! I would have his new-found name mean
All!
And I would have his new-found name mean
Nothing!
And I would have no name also mean "For ever,"
Oh! and the name must also mean "Despair,"
And I would have it also mean "a Blessing,"
And I would have it also mean "a Longing,"
And it must also mean that he is mine!

And I would have it also mean "My Heart,"
And I would have it also mean "My Life,"
Life of the very life I live and breathe from,
And that will ever warm my very blood!

When shall I find this magic name to give him?
For shall I learn to spell this hidden word?
Or shall it flash upon me unawares
Or darting in the wood-aster of the river?

Or, far away, where yonder pink horizon
Opens on the night with the first golden streak;
Then whisper'd in the close-folded ears of angels,
Oh, some day shall I find the name I seek?

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Woman's Vow," "Wrong from the Grave," "Husband of Which," &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.
ON THE MARCH.

Not many moments after the separation to which we referred, the Indians, who were now in high without and around the cave, were Barney Peet, the unprincipled Irishman, resumed their journey also, though in an opposite direction, and at a much slower pace than that taken by Miles Gay and his posse in charge of Iola Dare and her associates.

The larger portion of those to whom the fortunes of our hero were thus, for a time at least, singularly united, were compelled to proceed on foot, and many of them strapped with burdens that must have been irksome in the extreme.

Mat. Perry and Williams, who seemed disposed to remain moodily taciturn even when spoken to, were the only two exceptions, unburdened on account of their wounds, while Castleton at first supposed himself very fortunate in having only a cow assigned to him. This animal had been from likewise taken from the large herd a part of the property of the unfortunate Redd Lacy, and seemed especially prized by the Indians, who were determined to take her home with them.

She was now given in charge, as we have said, to Castleton, who was required to lead or drive her by a rope attached to her horns; and Vane, as may be imagined, had not proceeded far before he began to regard the most sincerely of his bargain, for the animal had been unaccustomed to such guidance, hurried him into all sorts of perplexities, until his patience was completely exhausted, and he found himself giving utterance to exclamations that would no doubt have shocked Iola considerably had she chanced to hear them.

The cow-boy, however, after obstinately determined as any mule could have been to resist all his efforts to get her forward. She would persist in leaving any beaten track which they might choose for pursuing, and more especially when Castleton had placed him on one side of a tree, the cow would insist upon taking the other. Nor was his amiability increased when he observed the diversion among the Indians, who laughed immoderately at the difficulties into which he was drawn by this unruly animal.

They had not proceeded a great way, when Castleton perceived as he supposed a considerable stream in advance of him, and being much fatigued, he naturally hoped they would encamp here for the night. He was furthermore influenced by the desire to go as short a distance as possible, as every increasing mile of separation between him and Iola filled him with increasing forebodings of misfortune. But already a portion of the party had plunged in, thus signifying their determination to push still further on.

Castleton was near the front when he came to the water's edge, and as the stream appeared rapid, and he could not swim, he was hesitating to enter, from the uncertainty with its depth, when the Indian Squaw, who had assisted in dressing the wounds of the prisoners pushed past him, and with staff in hand, went on before herself against the current. The cow-boy had there been only men in front, he might still have hesitated, but feeling more confident that he could wade wherever a woman could venture, he likewise proceeded his way.

The cow had been taken from him sometime since, but he had also been deprived of his shoes, while in their place had been substituted an old pair of greasy moccasins, made from a pair of leggings.

The bed of the stream too seemed to be covered with smooth stones, or with green slippery moss, which rendered the surface more accurately slipping that he was every moment apprehensive of losing his footing, and tumbling headlong to the bottom. After a good deal of trouble, however, he succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, and feeling more and weary, pushed on once more, with the rest.

About sunset, however, his captors reached a sort of encampment, where they had probably spent some time before any of their present prisoners had fallen into their hands.

They were now, perhaps, some ten miles from the Colorado; and they had left a number of horses, stolen from the settlements, together with a quantity of venison, dried bear's meat, and an additional number of their followers at this retired spot.

"Heaven help us," moaned Castleton, at sight of the latter, "I have been striving to dream out some plan of escape, and yet every step of our journey lessens such a possibility. Nevertheless I must escape, or perish in the attempt; for this is a living death."

They were now in one of those rich valleys of the southwest, where there is no undergrowth of timber, but a luxuriance of tinder grass, below a pretty stout growth of trees, a growth of woods, which protected it from the effects of frost and cold.

This encampment had a sort of awning as a protection from possible bad weather, composed of skins stretched across poles in the form of a tent. While the grass not only afforded them a comfortable bed, but furnished ample subsistence for their horses.

Here again these savages indulged to an alarming extent their strong predilection for intoxicating liquors, and Castleton feigning considerable fear of these infuriated beings, requested to be moved to a safe distance from them; he had been chiefly influenced to make this demand, in the hope that it might facilitate any effort which he might make to escape, and he was secretly rejoiced when the Indian bade follow, and conducted him and the two men almost to the outskirts of the

He and Parry had received upon temporarily, which the of their journey might pro- hazards to effect their with the hope

then the sonorous intercession into which the larger portion of the party were plunged, the exceeding darkness of the night, when finally the moon had gone down, or a momentary relaxation of vigilance on the part of the guard, might furnish them the golden opportunity. They had observed several of the horses tied at a distance, and if they could succeed in mounting some of these before being discovered, there might be a fair prospect of success.

Castleton, with wildly beating heart, remained silent until he believed that all the sentinels were asleep, when he commenced a conversation with his companion, in whispers which he presumed would not be heard, or even if heard, would excite little undermood by the guard, who knew nothing of the English language. And at last the proposed stillness continuing to reign about them, they ventured to crawl from their half kneel, and finally to stand upon their feet.

"Can we manage to take up a rifle?" whispered Castleton, under his breath. "This grass will be like a carpet to our feet."

"You forget my wound. Besides, what is the use in this darkness! We had better not waste time even to mount a horse; the woods will hide us."

"Is Williams up and ready to follow."

"He is not here" returned Perry, feeling about him in every direction.

"My God, what if he has slipped away to inform on us! Let us be gone, without delay."

"Hist, what is that?" whispered Castleton eagerly, when they had proceeded but half a dozen steps.

CHAPTER XVI.
IOLA'S RECEPTION.

Our heroine, after starting on her way, had maintained a profound silence until the shades of evening were beginning to fall about her and she had seen the forms about to plunge into another body of woods seemingly as intricate and consequently much more fearful on account of the fast gathering darkness than the last.

"Where are we going?" she said finally, checking up her horse and turning to face her escort. "I am sure this is not the direction you indicated as you were going to take."

"And what way was that?"

"To Callville, sir; to the house of my uncle, Morgan Dare?"

"You have never been this route before," answered Miles Gay, who had now thrown aside his disguises with the assumed character of Ned Scott, and had consequently resumed his former individuality, "and therefore do not know that it is the most direct way, and we will be there in two hours at farthest."

Iola looked at the villain attentively, while he shrugged his shoulders and smiled back at her with perfect bonhomie.

"God help me," she said, "when I am surrounded by persons in whose word I cannot place the slightest reliance; yet I can do nothing but trust to them."

"You will find it safest," replied Miles, gravely, and they pursued their way as before, Iola perceiving that in all this while he had never once released his hold on her horse.

Did the fear dangerous to her from the horse, that was really a strong and powerful one; or was he apprehensive that at some favorable moment when, as now, her suspicions were lulled, she would in desperation hurl the animal to its swiftest speed and so escape him altogether?

He had been anxiously watching the expression of her face from time to time as she eased about her; while she, likewise, observed that the gloom seemed every moment to deepen on his brow. Now, however, the night had completely fallen on, and she began to feel that it would be so infinite a relief to be in any house, where she might shut herself up alone, and not be compelled to look upon those unscrupulous features about her, that she felt the keenest anxiety for the sight of some habitation and to know that there might be other persons somewhere within call of her besides these lawless desperadoes.

While the broad daylight had lasted, and she had been able to fix her expressive eyes, with the lofty disdain of conscious virtue upon them, she felt that heaven had not left her entirely without protection, and that she was then, in a measure, permitted to hold the worst of them in check. But now, when she was wrapped in shadows, and their forms became as misty shapes about her, she felt a nameless dread, a sense of loneliness and dependency that filled her with an indefinable horror, and caused her heart to throb tumultuously at every additional step of their journey.

To add to her trepidation also, Mrs. Grimshaw's fears were again revived, and the old woman began to utter such piteous wails and moanings, that even Miles Gay, who declared men seemed to be affected, and they commanded her in no amiable tones to be still or they would swear to leave her in the heart of this wild forest to be torn to pieces by wild animals.

This threat had the desired effect, for the dense woods appeared like a universal labyrinth, out of which it would certainly be impossible for any but the initiated ever to find their way, and every now and then the terrible cry of a pack of wolves had come up from some gorge at a short distance, to her ears.

Iola had wished for darkness as the night had fairly set in, they found themselves on the banks of a considerable stream that had been swollen by the heavy rain on the day and night previous to their leaving Hardyville to an unusual height.

For a few moments the three men held some consultation as to the propriety of attempting to cross at all, and even spoke of building a raft, which would take up a sort of a tent out of shawls for the night, but Iola spoke at once, in a tremulous, yet emphatic tone.

"Let us go on," she said, "I would brave any danger of the way rather than spend the night in these wilds. You have promised me that I should be at home in two hours, and I prefer to risk it."

"But this is not your risk alone," said one of the men. "If anything should happen to you, through our neglect, there are some of us whose lives would not be safe, though we apprehend no danger of the water in the course of our journey. So we must even look to ourselves also."

"Be still, sir," replied Miles Gay, sternly; "for your first horse-man who says a word, I see, he said, turning to Iola, "have you a tolerably steady head on water?"

"Yes," she replied. "If your horse can cross it, I am sure I can make mine do so."

"Then we will go on."

There was a momentary shifting of positions and Miles gave the check rein of Iola's horse to the guide.

"Push quickly over," he said, "when once you are in, and I will keep at her side. She'll get over safely, I am sure."

He then gave directions to the two other men to take care of the old woman, and plunged in the rolling torrent.

"Look out there," Miles shouted back quickly. "The old woman's saddle is very unsteady. Take care of her there, Gus. We'll have to swim for some six or eight yards here, I'm thinking."

Already Iola's strong steed was riding the dashing waves, yet even he was hurried down some paces by the swiftness of the torrent.

"Look out there!" "Look out," called Miles again, and pressing up to Iola's side, he threw his arm resolutely around her waist, and held her firmly in the middle. Just as she seemed about to lose her balance. Their horses were beginning to swim again, and Iola was breathing a prayer of thanks for their deliverance when a sudden cry was heard from the trio behind them, followed instantaneously by a violent plunge in the water.

"By——! the old one is over," called out the fellow named Gus, in alarm. "And it is as dark as——."

"Look for her!" cried Miles Gay angrily. "This unclean murder is a nauseous thing. I ought to have made you change horses with her. You can someone shadow or hear her when she rises."

"But you forgot the tide," replied the man sullenly, and my horse is not an anchor, no more nor yours."

"D—n you!" hissed Miles Gay again, "leave them until you have made every exertion, and I'll throw your bridle rein out the moment you reach the shore. It was all an infernal piece of carelessness."

Iola was certain she heard the man mutter, "one can't get at a thing every day," and knowing that effect, but she did not take time to consider the danger to others. She was filled with the wildest alarm for her old nurse, to whom she was always attached, and she cried out excitedly to Miles:

"In Heaven's name do not let her life be lost. Turn back yourself, if you would oblige me by one single act of kindness, that may atone for those that you have made me suffer. I am safe now, and can easily get to the shore when I will, with my guide."

In the meantime the plunging of the two men in, with their half sustained exclamations, was all save the roaring of the waves, that could be heard, and Miles Gay, with an angry anathema, turned back.

At this instant Iola was confident that she heard a piercing cry, at least a hundred yards below the point at which she stood, and, if so, she realized that all hope must indeed be lost. She could distinguish, too, the sound of the men's horses snorting uneasily as they were borne down by the tide, while the mule which Mrs. Grimshaw had ridden swam past her, and after several ineffectual scrambles, succeeded in reaching the shore.

Iola uttered a despairing cry, and pressed her hands to her face, as though to shut out some horrible spectacle, while indeed the darkness was so considerable that she could scarcely define the head of her own horse against the indiscriminate blackness. The next instant, however, she caught at her bridle rein, and would have made for the shore.

"Have you rescued her?" she asked faintly, with a sickening fear.

"No," replied Miles Gay, moodily. "It was simply an impossibility, as I saw when I went back, though I chose to have every exertion made. The tide bore her away at twofold the rate which any living thing, keeping above the water, could take. She is gone and—I dare say it is better so."

"Would to heaven that I had been taken in her place," cried Iola sharply. "This is another life that has been lost entirely through me. And, oh, my God!——"

"Come none o' that," replied Miles, brusquely. "It was not our will or purpose to drown the old women, and hence you see it was a decree of fate, at which you have been told, no doubt, it is a sin to murmur. Go on ahead there, Gus, and let me see whether that bank is washed."

The man and his companion did as desired, and soon called out from the shore:

"You can swim your horse bridle."

He placed himself at Iola's side again, and kept his position until they had reached the water's edge. Then he gave her horse a faint lap with the reins, and seeing him clear the shore at a bound, followed her without delay.

"An hour's ride at farthest now," he said reassuringly, "and you will be under a roof."

But Iola had scarcely heard him. Grief and even remorse were opposing her tender conscience until, just now, she felt the burden of life to be almost intolerable. Oh, if she had only told all at Hardyville, and begged the remainder of her friends to remain behind as honest Harry Yeats and his wife had done! If she could have been spared the knowledge of a life lost in her cause, she believed that she could now have cheerfully consented to endure all things else.

"Now to the pure instinct of our half-breed guide," she had heard Miles Gay say, "and we will soon, at last, be out of the blackness of these woods."

Finding his horse guided, without any exercise of volition on her part, she resigned herself to a melancholy preoccupation of thought, which, even while her strength was taxed to the out of all her surroundings. So entirely was she lost to every recollection of her situation, that she started with a faint scream when Miles Gay quickly checked her again, and looking about she saw that they had struck into an open country.

"Look steadily ahead of you. Can you not discern a light?"

"Yes. But I had thought there would be a good many. I do not see Callville," she replied.

"The one you do see is our stopping place," he said evasively. "And if you are half as glad to see it as I am, you are by no means displeased. We can push on now."

They cantered ahead; and very soon the light grew more distinct and the outlines of a house became visible.

Iola drew upher horse in alarm.

"That is not my uncle's house!" she said in a half-angry, half-fearful tone, pointing to the building. "That is not there. "That is not the home of my childhood."

"I know," answered Miles Gay, in moody assent. "I have never told you that it was. We have changed our abiding place, and got there by this time; but the road would have been more dangerous, from various causes. We will pass the night here; and then, with your consent, we will go on to your former home."

"And suppose I refuse to go in there!" she exclaimed.

"Your refusal could not possibly avail you," he answered, "I have my instructions, and must obey them."

"You mean to say, then, that you would take me in there, whether I will or not?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Then I am still to regard myself as much a prisoner to you, as those we left behind are to the savages!" she gasped incredulously.

"Even more," he answered, seriously. "These so-called unenlightened beings sometimes unstable and frequently change their purpose. I could not if I would."

"Strange, contradictory being," she said, though still trembling with fear. "What mysterious, higher power is it that you obey? You do not profess to fear heaven. Are you children of the devil let loose on earth?"

"You are right in one thing," he replied. "We at least assume no hypocritical work."

"And why am I to stop here?" she still questioned, as he resumed the reins and led her forward.

"I have told you." he answered, "that no other way was so safe. It is useless to question now. You will find out all other reasons in time. I have discharged my commission safely and my control of you ends at this gate. Strange as it may seem I feel an interest in you, Miss Dare—a far deeper interest than I had ever thought it possible for me to feel in woman, and had I felt as I do now—— but hush, it is too late. They are watching for us I see, and have already heard us. So you may as well recognize at once that we could not have escaped, even if I would. William White field is here."

"Then heaven help me," gasped Iola, "I fear I am lost."

"Pooh! let no give you a word of advice," said Miles Gay, earnestly. "Do not provoke him by resistance to his will. Your father found it fatal—Your mother irremediably ruinous. He is a powerful hero, and none who come within the sphere of his influence can leave any will but his own. Do you hear that whistle? They have been watching for us, and that is the signal for the outer gates to be thrown open."

"They may open for me to-night, then!" said Iola, astonished.

"Yes. We have our secret and generally invisible agents all along the line. I know how anxiously they have been waiting for us and how rejoiced they are. Miss Dare, as you value your life be still."

He had hurriedly broken off with the latter exclamation, believing that Iola had made a quick move in her saddle which he had at that moment observed, with a view of jumping down, or of attempting desperately to turn her horse in another direction. The truth was that she had become fatigued with her long ride—with the painful excitement under which she had labored for the past day and night, and, above all, with the still more alarming apprehension of evil that she might have to suffer. That she would have fallen in a swoon to the earth, had he not sustained her in her seat until he could succeed in arousing her attention.

In the meantime a pair of heavy gates had swung open, the bolts and bars secured, leading Iola's home last, under a frowning arch. The gates banged to again, as though their solid iron would have weighed a ton, and the solitary light found in the darkness of night; shut in by a high brick wall that looked like the yard of a Jail, surrounded by a party of rude outlaws.

She could discover too, even in her alarm, that the place was one of no mean pretensions. She could hear the quick tread of feet hurrying to and fro, while a man's voice, strong, clear, and not unmusical, rang out:

"Have you rescued her, my noble woman?"

"We have her, captain," was the answer.

"Ah! well done! bring her in at once."

His was lifted down by some one; it might have been Miles Gay, but she did not look to see who. She seemed for a moment to be still going on on horseback, though her feet were moving and giving forth their echo too, and presently she had mounted into a high portico, where the large white pillars seemed like huge ghostly forms, only they threw their gloomy shadows athwart the floor, as though struggling to protect her from her way, and prevent her from going farther.

The man at her side put his mouth to a speaking trumpet near the door facing, and said something which she did not understand.

Then they waited still for some moments until a step was heard within; sundry bars and bolts seemed to be withdrawn, and the door was opened by a grim, ill-favored, but well-dressed porter.

The man acknowledged the presence of Miles Gay with a nod and something approaching to a smile.

"Ah, it is you," he said. "The master has been looking for you for an hour or more."

"The master did not look out to see what a dark night it was," said Miles. "Dark as Egypt and as stormy."

He led Iola into the light, and the porter started back as though he had indeed seen a ghost. His eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets and his grey hair to stand almost on end.

"A woman," he muttered. "A woman here again? What can the master be thinking of? They are the ill wind that never blows anybody any good."

"Suppose you keep your mouthings to yourself or repeat them to the captain," said a splendidly dressed woman, coming out of a door at hand. "Ho would, no doubt, like to hear it. Come this way, Miss Dare, if you please."

CHAPTER XVII.
BETRAYED.

"Hush," said a low voice in English. "Drop down and roll back to your places; pretend you are asleep. You are asleep."

Neither Perry nor Castleton Vane took time to observe from whence the voice had come, but each hastily did as requested, crawled back to their places, with a dozen footsteps echoing within a few paces of them, and lay profoundly still; yet with hearts throbbing as with imaginary sounds of anticipation of some severe punishment, or even death, perhaps, about to be inflicted for their attempt to escape.

They feared had dropped asleep for one moment, just as the sentinel had walked to the farthest point of his beat, and this had been the instant of time of which they had attempted to avail themselves.

Perhaps this very trap had been laid for them with a view to test their anxiety to effect an escape. At any rate, the results, as will be shown, were peculiarly unfortunate. The guard, resumed his measured footsteps and watery voices, looked eagerly about him and seeing his prisoners on the ground, was somewhat surprised to observe a party of Indians crowding about them, nor were Mat Perry or Castleton Vane left many moments in doubt.

Pretending at first to be snoring lustily, they were compelled to cry out with pain, as they were the recipients of sundry severe kicks in the ribs from the indignant savages.

"Get up!" they cried, derisively, "you be no sleep, you be on your feet fast enough when we told you make off. Get up now and see who run."

Thus commanded, Vane and his companion rose to their feet, and amid derisive mocks and jeers were forced around the ground and beaten with sticks until the whole party were exhausted; our prisoners having begun to think that what seemed fun to the assailants was about the same as death to them.

Soon after this one-sided sport had ceased, and the rest sat listlessly around, one of the drunken Indians straggled from his companions, and came up to them flourishing his tomahawk fiercely, and swearing in the most alarming manner.

He appeared to have worked himself into quite a frenzy, and as the two men had been commanded to remain quiet, Mat Perry was the nearest himself to him, he threw himself across his prostrate body and seemed determined to take off his scalp before rising, and it was with some difficulty that he was prevented by the soberer persons of his party from executing his cruel threat.

After this rescue, however, the prisoners' hearts sank more heavily than ever within them. Hopes were brought, and after they were tied to one end very securely the other was attached to a tree at some distance, and several of the Indians lay down across it to sleep, so that every time either of the prisoners would move or turn in the slightest degree they would also be necessarily aroused and spring up to look about them.

On the following morning as the party moved off, Perry and Vane observed that the other prisoner, Ed. Williams, was nowhere to be seen, and were wondering if he had managed to escape, when the negro York shuffled up within a few paces of them, and managed at last to attract their attention.

"Where is the other prisoner taken with us?" asked Castleton, thinking from his appearance that he had something to say.

"The man?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes."

"Dead."

He accompanied this single monosyllable with a significant twist of his thumb towards the wood in which they had encamped on the previous night.

"How did he manage to get away?" asked Vane.

"On his feet."

"Ays, I know; but was he not watched?"

"No. He told on you two; said you were trying to make him escape with you to get off, that you two was rich, and the injuns got big ransome money if they keep you. Den day let him go for tellin' on you."

The negro exclaimed Perry angrily between his set teeth. "He is as bad as any of them, and has sold us a mess of pottage. For I should like to meet up with him again."

"Hush! little fool," said Vane, "" said York, suddenly, pretending to be busily engaged in extracting a briar from his barefoot, "they eat all de wood off the top of my head if day hear I talk to you."

The two men looked at this poor, forlorn creature with interest, and were deeply moved to find that even in the low stall in which they had been born, he was capable of some of much good feeling, while some even of their white brethren who had every advantage, or at least every opportunity of moral training, were possessed of hearts of inky blackness. And they determined that if opportunity ever afforded, they would endeavor to befriend him. Filled with this thought Castleton turned again cautiously towards him after a few moments.

"Do you know who it was that told us to lie down before they came upon us, and that we were betrayed last night."

"Yes."

"Was it you?"

The negro showed the whites of his eyes, and answered only with a grin.

"I, for one, will never forget it," said Castleton, warmly, "and hope to do you a good turn in reward some day. If ever I get away from this, you must go with me, and I will try to befriend you."

"Nobber think of gettin' away, massah. Day'd find you sartin," said the negro with an ominous shake of the head, seeming evidently to think that the Indians were a species of wizard, whose power it was useless to try to relieve. And, fearing now perhaps that he might arouse suspicion of some underhand dealing, in their minds, he fell back and was seen no more, at least in passing distance by either of the whites on that day.

Barney Fleet continued with them for the present, evidently of his own accord, and manifested as much attention to Vane as was possible to find in any one human being.

Vane found upon inquiry that their party consisted of as mongrel a herd generally, as could be well assembled together.

There were renegade Indians of almost every tribe in the West, from the savages of Dakota to the Mexican half-breed. Creatures who had been outlawed by their own tribes, and could therefore be under little or no restraint because of the government upon their home people, unless indeed their individual hiding places in the wilds of those mountains could be discovered. That there was some place of this description, known only to themselves, Vane and his companions were not long in discovering, and a gloomy horror lost if they should ever have the misfortune to be pursued to their fastness in escape, they could never find their way back without being recaptured, was fast taking possession of them.

They were now journeying, as it seemed to them, through an interminable wilderness, that abounded in wild animals of every description, some of them apparently of an alarming ferocious nature, and to their greater interest, in game upon which the Indians seemed to be entirely depending for their subsistence on the way. Their plans were evidently to carry home their packed meat for the use of their families.

On the morning of the third day, as they journeyed on, the Indians suddenly gave utterance to various exclamations of delight, and paused to examine a tree, the bark of which seemed freshly mutilated by the claws of a bear, which appeared to be easily distinguished by those experienced hunters.

They immediately went to work with an axe, and soon felled the tree. Three small cubs were found in its hollow trunk. And attracted from her den, by the crash of the tree when it fell, their dam came up and was shot.

They then regaled themselves upon the flesh of the cubs, with which Castleton was much delighted, though the modus operandi of its preparation, was not such as to enhance its flavor or to suit a delicate taste. The hair was singed off from the flesh over the blaze of the fire, the entrails were taken out, and the entire body was thus roasted whole. Towards evening another trenched loaf was found, and this was also shot as she was in the act coming out from her den, and they passed the greater part of the night in dressing it and in cooking and eating the party seemed indeed to have no more desire, unless to loiter away time, as might be most in accordance with their taste, while Castleton was burning with impatience, in the continually frustrated hope of rescue or escape.

And although the party seemed so much at their ease, they had taken every precaution to prevent a surprise. Several of their company, amongst whom was Barney Fleet, had been left behind as a sort of rear guard, to give the alarm in case of pursuit, for they evidently thought it not impossible that th a daring raid might have been noised through the country, and that they might have been followed by the citizens with the view at least of rescuing the prisoners, and recovering the vast amount of plunder that had been taken.

But the two men, unfortunately, found that so far from having gained anything by the decreasing of their immediate escort, they were subjected to far greater vigilance and restrictions, for if harley their body guard had been neglected to tie the wrists of their hands, as the circumstances would allow, while the Indians, to whom they had now fallen, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be regaled in the light of an occasional cuff on the ear.

On the first night of this exchange, as the Indian was lashing their arms together with the usual amount of ropes, Castleton winced under the pain, and audibly complained that they were drawn too tight.

"D—n you, I fix you loose," cried the savage, angrily, and he drew the cords with double force, and left the two men in a state of impossible agonies for the remainder of the night, the ropes by morning being so deeply imbedded into the flesh as to cause it to swell and be exceedingly painful when removed. It noted, so sharp was the pain sometimes that he could not refrain from crying out, and Red Bluff, chancing to be near on one of these occasions, inquired into the cause, and being informed, rebuked the other severely for his want of humanity, and commanded him to be more cautious for the future.

During the next day the party who had been left behind came up, and now, evidently regarding themselves as entirely secure, they seemed in no hurry to advance at all beyond their present quarters, unless they should chance to chase a bear now and then, but no sooner was he killed than they would form a regular camping ground again, cook and eat, and then loll for the remainder of the day upon the leaves so green, sometimes sleeping, and anon engaging in various sports, which seemed to occasion them great amusement.

They had been especially delighted with a pack of cards they had brought away from the last from which Barney Fleet had taken, and one of their number seemed to have instructed the rest in rather a novel and perhaps an innocent a game as is usually played with those powerful instruments of evil.

This game they called "Slip," playing it in the following fashion: Two hands were dealt out at a time, consisting of four and five cards each until the whole deck was distributed.

The object of every player was to retain as many cards as possible in his own hand until the close, and consequently to draw as many as possible from his adversaries. The player who found it could decide first, was content to the next practice declared to have lost the game, and at the general close was subjected in quite an unpleasant penalty as it appeared; each winner having a right to a certain number of slips of the nose of the first loser, according to the rank in which he stood numerically.

When the operation was about to begin the vanquished individual would take himself with a grave and solemn demeanor in the middle of them; nor at the severest twist would there to be the slightest accompanying contortion of any facial muscle.

At every vigorous pull the spectators would rejoice with derisive shouts of laughter, while the subject of such an unpleasant process was required on pain of repetition to shrink from smile or frown. It was astonishing to observe with what childish delight they would indulge in this senseless pastime, for whole consecutive hours; fresh recruits coming into the game as any one chanced to be under the necessity of retiring.

While the Indians were diverting themselves in this manner, Castleton Vane had contrived to secure a lead pencil from his fellow prisoners, and on the backs of several letters, was dotting down such thoughts as would come to him, partly to preserve his memoranda, in case of escape, but chiefly to while away the intolerable tedium of the hours.

About this stage of their journey the Indians halted in indignation at discovering that several of them had been evidently marked by surveyors, class of individuals against whom they appeared to entertain feelings of the deepest and most intense malignity, regarding them as the agents of the so-called march of civilization, by whom they are driven, as it were, to the very last bulwarks of the barren and inaccessible Rocky Mountains, and deprived of their lands, which are held of no value by the white man without ceremony, to be occupied by the whites.

The sight of these trees with the incisions of an ax into their bark infuriated the party to a pitch so violent that the prisoners were entertained fears for their immediate safety. The Indians pouring forth a volley of invective that lasted until they had gone some distance beyond these remembered scenes of desecration. Incidents of this description occurring at any and all times, necessarily subjected the prisoners to frequent and severe suffering, while the miseries of their journey were without intermission. Their bodies were secured as before by strong ropes of buffalo's hide, now stretched in a straight line with each end secured to some one of their party. Others then laid themselves down on the ropes, several on either hand, to sleep thus for the night. No covering was allowed to either except an insufficient bear's hide a piece; nor were they permitted to keep each other warm by making joint stock of their bedding and lying close to each other. The fire too had generally burned down about the time that they would awake benumbed with their fatiguing position of the night. The remainder of the night seemed of course one prolonged agony, and when the morning dawned they were often incapable of standing on their feet until the kindling of the fire would restore their circulation.

Castleton and his companion were often engaged in devising the best method for effecting an escape when they should find a favorable opportunity, but this they had so far agreed to delay.

The weather had been for some time dry, and the vast bedding of leaves covering the ground for the forest through which they now travelled, would have rendered it impossible for any one to pass over them, no matter how cautiously, on the darkest night, without producing a noise loud enough to alarm every sleeping Indian and to betray their attempt.

But the skies had now become densely overcast, and they looked anxiously for rain, resolved on an attempt to regain their liberty, even at the risk of the noise which the rain would permit them to walk over them unheard.

Perry had carefully concealed a knife which one of the Indians had accidentally dropped in the pocket of his pantaloons with which he designed to cut the cord that confined these, at some opportune hour of the night, and then steal off into the woods, where he might be in hazard of wandering about in their present destitute condition, through the seemingly endless wilds of the extensive forests by which they were surrounded.

What success he had to attend this effort we will show in a future chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROMANCE OF STREET CROSSING.

It is related that a young gentleman of London, who was madly in love with a cruel fair one, but upon whose heart he could make no impression, used to stand at a crossing just opposite the lady's house so that he might but touch her hand as she bestowed upon him a coin as she picked her dainty way. One day he left behind as a sort of token, to prove the "Begging your pardon, Miss, but I think it is one you dropped as you crossed over." In the note was unfolded the story of his love, and of course, the verse concluded by would not be quite without the proper ending that they were married and lived very happily till they died. But street crossings have their tragedies as well as their comedies. Faithless wives have been discovered in the act of receiving the parting sweeper, who has discovered the error of their ways, and, while receiving his daily "tip" from the fair one, has given the prospect of "his honor's" visits to the lady's house while the husband was away. Angry husbands and fathers, too, have on runaway wives, have become crossing sweepers in order to for time the final one at once. Improvident some have adopted the expedient to melt the hearts of stern fathers and to obtain from them the very shilling, penny, and which they were to be cut off. It is not long ago that so exclaimed of the English army, who had a grievance to the effect of pensions, took to sweeping a crossing opposite the War Office, and then another opposite the house of Parliament in order that he might call public attention to his woes.

But the most singular period in the history of street crossings is rapidly passing away, and the profession is degenerating. Infatuated gentlemen no longer leave bank notes in the men helps or fall privates in the British army.

A FOUR MILE RACE WITH A FISH.

The Mountain Pleasant (Ia.) Journal has the following: Fifty lbs. caught in the bottom of Last Monday night while fishing at Oakland, something he didn't know what, took hold of his hook. It gave a terrible pull. It "yanked" him from his place and started off, and started toward Winter's Mills dragging the boy along with him. He had no time to call on his comrades for assistance, for the "something" was carrying him down the river about twelve knots an hour. He stuck to it for four miles, when the monster that was hauling him left the water, and by the assistance of some parties who were there fishing, he succeeded in landing a catfish weighing thirty six pounds. In length was four feet, and across its head it measured ten inches.

"Show me the perfect man," said a Bostonian recently; and Wendell Phillips blushed with the embarrassment of modesty, and wanted to run out of the back door.

HERE AND THERE.

—California is making her corn glad.

—Births bite with your creepiest mallet.

—A Southern editor speaks of chinkapins being hors.

—Spring showers — Clerks shouting new goods.

—False impressions—Those left by a fifth set of teeth.

—Our West Iowa bonds are called "heroes of music."

—The cane on dogs' tails are now cut in the princess style.

—"Ha-ved" is a word in Kentucky. It means chloroform.

—Even shrugs shut their eyes when they swallow insects.

—Georgia has a jug factory at last, after those hundred years of waiting.

—A Minnesota paper prints a war map of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

—A little girl's idea of a piano: a thing that scrubs sashes out of doors.

—Alex. Sokoll, of Pittsburg county, Ala., aged nine, is 948 pounds, and still spreading.

—A thunderstorm lost Friday broke 7,000 panes of glass in Rochester, N. Y.

—A California lady has been bought a French count for a husband. Cost, $100,000.

—The "Skyuky movement" is what the Cincinnati Commercial calls the march of the potato bug.

—The Illinois Legislature has enacted a law giving prisoners powers to thin out the ranks of pauper lice.

—Russia buys all her axes, knives and shovels of the United States, and the Duke should have been allowed to remain.

—This is a good time to take on the frost-gods and talk about the weather, while your wife wears the yardwith the season.

—Hens do not usually do half so much cackling as the women who keep them. They scratch out to throw things at them.

—A glass of hot milk with a pinch of salt in it will relieve a nervous headache. Don't forget to put in oatmeal, sugar, etc.

—The men who attempted to rob Lincoln's grave have been released on bail. Of course, the whole thing was a put up job, and their sureties will have been arrested.

—Many fine mills have been built in Alabama during the past year

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

DR. SEYMOUR.

BY NARISSA ROSAVIA.

Doctor Seymour stood outside the post-office in the city of Bradford, and dropped a large envelope into the letter box. The envelope contained a little note he had himself translated a little as he did so, and no wonder, for he had just posted a betrothal marriage to Miss Ellen Pemberton. He was a man of quick sympathies, and of almost too deep and ardent sensibility. Medicine is a trying profession to such a temperament, and he looked older than his years. Dr. Seymour was not, however, very young. He was the last man in the world probably to propose by letter, for he had a peculiar horror of the habit of urging his cause by that eager persuasive speech of which he was master, or aiding it by the lover of his personal influence, which was almost as strong with many women as his love for it was a universal favorite. But then, who ever does what is expected of him? He was a very modest man as regards self-estimation. And, indeed, after all, he was exactly in this case in just other matters. He was kind heart, which could solve a little even for the embarrassment of a child.

Dr. Seymour's patients received a somewhat distracted attention that evening, as he afterwards confessed. Nevertheless, he conscientiously visited everyone who had the least right to expect him on this occasion, and, in consequence, returned home late and weary and quite ready for his dinner, which had long been in readiness. But fresh work was awaiting him. Had it been possible for the lady to whom he had addressed his letter to have been forgotten, even for one instant, she would at once have been recalled to mind by the anxious face of a respectable elderly man who was on the look out for him at his gate, and who urgently wished to return.

"Miss Ellen thinks she's dying, sir, I hope you'll some away, and no time lost. She was poised very bad, sudden like, this afternoon."

The Doctor passed his hand across his forehead. "The young lady?" he gasped, inquiringly.

"Our young lady, sir," the man replied a little tartly.

"But which of them?"

"Miss Ellen, sir, of course. The one my wife and I has known all her life. We calls the other Miss Nellie."

The Doctor swallowed a little but snip hastily, as an act of special favor to his housekeeper, while a fresh brew was being hartbeated, and then hurried away with the messenger. His footsteps like a man who was in a hurry for They soon reached a pretty suburban house, standing in its own grounds. A neat lodge kept guard inside the gate. This was the lodge of Haynes, the man who had summoned the Doctor. He was also the gardener, and, in a sort-taker in general of the little places and also, as he considered, of its owners and mistresses. These were two maiden ladies and their sister. Although there was more than a dozen years between them they might easily have passed for sisters, but it not been that their names were identically the same. Both were simply Ellen Pemberton; so more and no more, to their great mutual instigation. An elaborate sundry hints and recommendations were continually being thrown out that the other would adopt the title of Nell or Nellie, which had been unconditionally forced upon her as the younger of the pair by the lodge-keeper, but neither would yield the point, being specially delucidated to the abbreviation.

"I was christened Ellen and Ellen I will remain until you bury me; but you may call me Ellie, if you like," the elder lady had said, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, the very morning of the day on which this story opens. She still wanted some years of being forty, but she was quite plump and fair enough for that age. A thoroughly pretty woman with a fine forever brimming over with laughter and mischief she could boast far more regular attractions than her niece, who was yet a dreamy, sweet soft little thing of beauty, with a graceful well-shaped head and small white hands.

"My hair is certainly a little thin," omitted Miss Ellen Pemberton, "but I really don't think those six grey intruders show much. I don't care about pulling them out. It seems to me. What is your opinion, Nellie? The speaker was standing on tiptoe before the chimney-glass.

"It shall be Nellie, if I may call you Aunt Ellen. Now, that is a fair bargain. Shall it be so? Otherwise I will never give in. I like Ellie best too."

The originator of this last rather malicious little speech was caressing a silky cat with her cheek. Fanny was evidently in a very mischievous mood. The two were inseparable within doors, and were rarely seen apart. The elder lady made a step face at her niece.

"Don't you call me grandmother at once, you, cross old thing!"

And then the two sat down to breakfast with Fanny sitting by to help. Before the meal was half over the lodge-keeper's wife dropped in. It was a familiar attache to the house, and one or most of the ladies whenever they needed his services in that capacity. The proposal of Haynes, now on his way to the abode, had been hurried on by a sudden attack of paralysis, confined in the breast of Dr. Seymour by his having on several late occasions, met the gardener in the town in very hurry and confidential intercourse with the wife in a very unusually dressed mood this morning, however, Haynes contented himself with his own thoughts and he naturally thinking put two together and found them, on hasty consideration, to make out a case. Miss Ellen had been ailing for a week or two, and then under protest, from a fever to accidents, as the elder lady, and frequently before his annual performance of that long while once called an abscess, as many persons find rather an to call on to them in turning their thoughts through with Jim not down and twisted his and meditated. "Do you start?" inquired his eldest con-

"I declare I should not be surprised to hear you had matrimony in your mind," the elder lady continued, cogitatingly.

Whereon arose shrieking of that, as they put it down on the wine not that they do the same," Jim said, absently, but he blushed in a most unbecoming manner. He began some other speech, but his thoughts appeared unsightly for him. He rose, offered two more salutes, which were declined with dignity, made his bow, and departed.

"If I did not know we were both cut out for a pair of old maids, I should say Jim Compton wanted to marry one of us," Miss Pemberton said, as the door closed upon him.

"I don't think it would be of much use for him to wish for either of us," her niece replied, composedly, emptying the cream ewer into a saucer for Pussy.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that the elder of the two ladies was attacked by sudden and serious illness.

Dr. Seymour found the house upset by alarm and great anxiety. Miss Nellie, at the garden-keeper called her, was standing as if herself would break with grief for her aunt's sufferings, and from angry provocation at being shut completely out of the sick room by Miss Pemberton's maid, who answered as much to her by within doors as the man-servant did without. The Doctor came away from his patient with a very serious face. Ellen was lying in wait for him. She was a very old friend. He told her he was very uneasy about her aunt. If she were not better in the morning, he should bring a second physician. His instrument's tones fell faster than ever. They went to his heart as much as if they had been uttered by some one who he could remedy. He longed to linger and try to stop their course, but he was forced by stern necessity to hasten back to town, in order to see the needed remedies. Haynes went with him.

There was more than medicine upon the Doctor's mind that night. He was deeply preoccupied with himself. He had never sent his proposal of marriage to-day. He felt fully persuaded that his suit was now certain of rejection, as it would arrive at so untoward a time. He was tired out and hungry, and much depressed altogether. What sort of a husband was he in his present position to offer any woman? I feel too, now, that I have never even prepared my way here. And I have the ill-luck and presumption to step forward, unexpectedly, at such a hopelessly unsuitable time. I throw away every chance by this abruptness."

This was his train of thought as he drove back to town.

"Haynes, do you know my handwriting well?" he inquired, suddenly, letting the reins fall on his horse's neck as he spoke.

The man then appealed to gave a rather incongruous little assent. "In course I do, sir," he replied, quickly.

"I am in a great difficulty," the Doctor went on. "I this evening posted a letter on business to your ladies' house. It was directed to Miss Ellen Pemberton. Now, with all this sickness and anxiety there, I would give much to recall it for a few days. Could you help me in the matter, and can I trust you to keep the thing close?"

Haynes considered for some moments before he answered. "I doesn't much like keeping back or meddling with none of their things, he said, slowly; "but well, sure, it's a man' has a right to anything, 'tis to his own letter. 'Tis hard if he mightn't have it, and no doubt twould be a bad job to bother Miss Ellen with business now. She has done many a good turn for me an' my wife, sir; I'll do this for you. All the letters for the house go into the last at the gate, and I unlocks it, and takes 'em up. 'Tis easy enough done anyways."

"I will right! I could kiss the man!

The Doctor gratefully received and pocketed his minutes next morning at the gate, when he threw the voice to Haynes. He rarely took a pleasure in the discharge of the post. Little voices reached his ears from the sick room as he ascended the stairs. "Is it a resurrection?" he inquired with a smile of surprise, as he neared the threshold of the chamber. It really seemed to be something of the sort. Either he had overrated the seriousness of last night's symptoms, or Miss Pemberton had made a most marvellous stride towards recovery. A good sleep had done wonders for her. Her face indies had their heads together over some letter, and were in eager consultation concerning it. The Doctor almost wished that it had been his now.

"I begin to think it was a false alarm, Dr. Seymour," his patient said, jestingly. "I feel nearly myself again. At any rate, you need not order the hearse for me just yet. It is really a case of Mother Hubbard and her dog. I only went to the joiner to get him a coffin, but when she came back, why, the dog was a-laughing."

Miss Pemberton had taken out a new lease of fun as well as of life.

Her niece slipped out of the room when the Doctor came in, her face rosy with blushes. She was now downstairs over all the house, but in her great diseasuture she found that Cousin Jim had arrived, and was full of anxious inquiries concerning the invalid's condition. He only stayed, however, until Dr. Seymour made his appearance, when the latter recognized in whom was that Ellen had just hidden farewell to, his spirits sank to zero. He scarcely lingered for a moment before he took his departure. Ellen's face was crimson now. It was her little white care were blushing. She could hardly find voice to put a timid question or two about her aunt. The Doctor answered with something like inspirited abruptness, and turned away after a cold and most commonplace leave-taking.

There was a look of wounded pride in the girl's face as he thus left her. She bent forward over the window, and pressed her hands hastily to her heart. Something nestled down underneath her dress. Pussy came to her, purring and clawing, but she set her down very decidedly upon the rug, and went away to her own room.

The Doctor, on his part, hurried home as soon as he could. The letter he had received back burned his pocket. Nevertheless, he felt very thankful that it was in his own possession, rather than in that of Miss Ellen. It forth angrily, when he was safe within his private room, and, without so much as bestowing a glance upon it, he pushed the offending envelope behind a little miniature upon his chimney-piece. If a fire had been burning upon the hearth at the moment, it would must have been consumed within its flames. He had promised Miss Pemberton that he would call again that evening to see her, as he would be passing by the gate. He was sorry for having thus pledged himself she could not go, and there was no real necessity for his doing so.

Now that Miss Pemberton was in a convalescent condition, her night no longer forbade those whom she called "outsiders" to visit her sickroom's room. Haynes on the following day, she even requested Nellie to sit with her during the servants' dinner hour. The invalid was asleep, really at first, fictitiously later. Her sister had a book in her hand, but a voice from the bed suddenly exclaimed, in kind persuasive tones, "Nellie, my dear, why are you crying?"

"I am not crying," was the very hasty reply of the startled speaker. A single tear had fallen on the counterpane as Miss Pemberton addressed the question. Nellie's head was bowed over her book, and she had hoped that it would escape notice.

"You know it is a fine day, with a lovely sun shining," the tormented girl said, blushing into a little add, choked laugh, and a small shower of tears fell upon the book.

"I am glad to hear it; I want to get up presently. But what is the matter, Nellie? Has Jim been kissing you again without leave?"

"I may as well tell you now, Ellen. I have been wanting to do so all along. I must have your opinion and advice."

"Tell away, my dear. I do love giving advice when the receiver doesn't want me to take any." Miss Pemberton added, "She was quite hot and eager for a little excitement.

"I got this letter by the post yesterday," her niece said, tearfully. "You, isn't it quite plain and closed and yet—and yet—he has been here three times since, but avoids me. He never looks at me, I think. He doesn't seem in the least to want or expect any answer."

Miss Pemberton read the letter through, and examined it carefully. "Have you answered it?" she asked at last.

"I would sooner die than do so now!" was the hot reply.

The two consulted long and anxiously upon this very mysterious matter. The result of their confidences was not enlivening. "I'm sure, my dear, it would be a fair mercy if either of us two little girls were to be married. We are such determined old maids. I don't know what will become of us, unless one sets the other a good example soon. Nevertheless, I must say that I am pleased now, my dear, at my firm belief that the letter was never meant for this letter. You may be sure the whole thing is a hoax of Cousin Jim's. I told you he was up to some kind of mischief the other day. I saw him observing the Doctor and you that last day the two dined here together."

"But the handwriting?"

"Pshaw! That goes for nothing. A man with no great brains for anything in particular can imitate any handwriting that he likes with his hands. Jim always was great at letter-writing, since the first day I knew him, and it has a long time ago. No doubt he can copy anyone else's hand just as well as Dr. Seymour's. Besides, for the matter of that, writing is by no means such a very decisive affair as some people think. I could almost as well as any lawyer in court that this envelope had been directed, for instance, by—Ah! well, it is of no use bringing up old stories. I have had my day, I suppose. What a fool one is, to be sure, when one is a girl like you! Not that I am very sentimental now, of course, but still—after all, it was very nice to have so much in one's hands, even though it was all thrown away. Heigh-ho! Certainly the writing is suddenly like Jim's. I shall make no doubt, quite sure Jim is at the bottom of the business. Geoffrey was his cousin, although he was no relation of mine. The same blood in their veins. Do look, Ellen, and see whether this attack has brought any more grey hairs."

"Oh, no!" Ellen replied absently, after a cursory examination into this interesting subject. "Aunt Ellen, I am positive that it is observed now in her tones, but her face was flushed and indignant. "And what are we to do to punish this abominable Jim?" she asked.

"Cut him, of course," was the prompt reply.

"When he next calls bid Mary to say we are not at home to him; and tell the servants to manage so that while the door is open he may have to overhear one of them saying something which will let him perfectly understand that we are all the time within, and disengaged."

The result of these very active proceedings came, in a couple of days, in the form of a letter addressed to "The Misses Pemberton." It ran as follows:

"My Dear Ellenie: I cannot conceive how you have allowed my letter to be opened. It was entirely in my own keeping, so far as you were concerned, to be divulged at my leisure and pleasure, and for your eye alone. From you much longer. Needless tantalisation is not my forte, neither was it ever my desire to excite false expectations. I am glad, however, sorry that I should have misled either of my fair relatives concerning my intentions. I always endeavored not to divide my attentions impartially between the two that neither could believe I thought seriously of her. It is very unfortunate that I have not been successful in this, especially as my affections have long been more than impartial. Ellen, the keen discernment of this disappointment shall, in a measure, have passed away. I trust we may see more merit as friends, and re-establish our old intimacy on terms suitable to our altered circumstances. Till then, I remain,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"James Compton."

The two Ellens read this with their hands together. The elder lady almost laughed herself into a fresh attack of illness. She was extremely merriment, hearing most of the indignation proper to the occasion to be transacted by her niece. "Surely he has revenged himself on us," she exclaimed, at last. "But what a thing it is for a man by his affections being elsewhere engaged, and so forth? Oh, Jim, you will be the death of me! Ellen, the mystery thickens. I don't now believe he ever wrote that forgery. If it is one. Has the Doctor spoken since? No! Well here goes for another move in the game. You and I must answer this precious epistle of Jim's. See, this will do, I think. 'The Misses Pemberton present their compliments to Mr. Compton.' They denied themselves to him on the occasion of his last visit, in consequence of their then existing belief that he had been the author of a vulgar practical joke played upon the house. If he is innocent of this, and can prove that his "secret" had no reference to the before-mentioned trick, the Misses Pemberton will be happy to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Compton.'"

This note was in due course despatched by post.

Next evening Dr. Seymour came to see his patient. She was now almost out of his hands. Miss Pemberton was sitting by the fire downstairs. Her niece did not make her appearance at all upon this occasion. Dr. Seymour was much disappointed. He held his visitor's hand long in his, and looked anxiously into her face. She colored violently, and turned her eyes away.

The Doctor, on his part, hurried home at soon as he could. The letter he had received back burned his pocket. Nevertheless, he felt very thankful that it was in his own possession, rather than in that of Miss Ellen. He forth angrily, when he was safe within his private room, and, without so much as bestowing a glance upon it, he pushed the offending envelope behind a little miniature upon his chimney-piece. If a fire had been burning upon the hearth at the moment, it would must have been consumed within its flames. He had promised Miss Pemberton that he would call again that evening to see her, as he would be passing by the gate. He was sorry for having thus pledged himself she could not go, and there was no real necessity for his doing so.

Now that Miss Pemberton was in a convalescent condition, her night no longer forbade those whom she called "outsiders" to visit her sickroom's room. Haynes on the following day, she even requested Nellie to sit with her during the servants' dinner hour. The invalid was asleep, really at first, fictitiously later. Her sister had a book in her hand, but a voice from the bed suddenly exclaimed, in kind persuasive tones, "Nellie, my dear, why are you crying?"

"I am not crying," was the very hasty reply of the startled speaker. A single tear had fallen on the counterpane as Miss Pemberton addressed the question. Nellie's head was bowed over her book, and she had hoped that it would escape notice.

"You know it is a fine day, with a lovely sun shining," the tormented girl said, blushing into a little add, choked laugh, and a small shower of tears fell upon the book.

"I am glad to hear it; I want to get up presently. But what is the matter, Nellie? Has Jim been kissing you again without leave?"

"I may as well tell you now, Ellen. I have been wanting to do so all along. I must have your opinion and advice."

"Tell away, my dear. I do love giving advice when the receiver doesn't want me to take any." Miss Pemberton added, "She was quite hot and eager for a little excitement.

"I got this letter by the post yesterday," her niece said, tearfully. "You, isn't it quite plain and closed and yet—and yet—he has been here three times since, but avoids me. He never looks at me, I think. He doesn't seem in the least to want or expect any answer."

Miss Pemberton read the letter through, and examined it carefully. "Have you answered it?" she asked at last.

"I would sooner die than do so now!" was the hot reply.

The two consulted long and anxiously upon this very mysterious matter. The result of their confidences was not enlivening. "I'm sure, my dear, it would be a fair mercy if either of us two little girls were to be married. We are such determined old maids. I don't know what will become of us, unless one sets the other a good example soon. Nevertheless, I must say that I am pleased now, my dear, at my firm belief that the letter was never meant for this letter. You may be sure the whole thing is a hoax of Cousin Jim's. I told you he was up to some kind of mischief the other day. I saw him observing the Doctor and you that last day the two dined here together."

"But the handwriting?"

"Pshaw! That goes for nothing. A man with no great brains for anything in particular can imitate any handwriting that he likes with his hands. Jim always was great at letter-writing, since the first day I knew him, and it has a long time ago. No doubt he can copy anyone else's hand just as well as Dr. Seymour's. Besides, for the matter of that, writing is by no means such a very decisive affair as some people think. I could almost as well as any lawyer in court that this envelope had been directed, for instance, by—Ah! well, it is of no use bringing up old stories. I have had my day, I suppose. What a fool one is, to be sure, when one is a girl like you! Not that I am very sentimental now, of course, but still—after all, it was very nice to have so much in one's hands, even though it was all thrown away. Heigh-ho! Certainly the writing is suddenly like Jim's. I shall make no doubt, quite sure Jim is at the bottom of the business. Geoffrey was his cousin, although he was no relation of mine. The same blood in their veins. Do look, Ellen, and see whether this attack has brought any more grey hairs."

"Oh, no!" Ellen replied absently, after a cursory examination into this interesting subject. "Aunt Ellen, I am positive that it is observed now in her tones, but her face was flushed and indignant. "And what are we to do to punish this abominable Jim?" she asked.

"Cut him, of course," was the prompt reply.

"When he next calls bid Mary to say we are not at home to him; and tell the servants to manage so that while the door is open he may have to overhear one of them saying something which will let him perfectly understand that we are all the time within, and disengaged."

The result of these very active proceedings came, in a couple of days, in the form of a letter addressed to "The Misses Pemberton." It ran as follows:

"My Dear Ellenie: I cannot conceive how you have allowed my letter to be opened. It was entirely in my own keeping, so far as you were concerned, to be divulged at my leisure and pleasure, and for your eye alone. From you much longer. Needless tantalisation is not my forte, neither was it ever my desire to excite false expectations. I am glad, however, sorry that I should have misled either of my fair relatives concerning my intentions. I always endeavored not to divide my attentions impartially between the two that neither could believe I thought seriously of her. It is very unfortunate that I have not been successful in this, especially as my affections have long been more than impartial. Ellen, the keen discernment of this disappointment shall, in a measure, have passed away. I trust we may see more merit as friends, and re-establish our old intimacy on terms suitable to our altered circumstances. Till then, I remain,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"James Compton."

The two Ellens read this with their hands together. The elder lady almost laughed herself into a fresh attack of illness. She was extremely merriment, hearing most of the indignation proper to the occasion to be transacted by her niece. "Surely he has revenged himself on us," she exclaimed, at last. "But what a thing it is for a man by his affections being elsewhere engaged, and so forth? Oh, Jim, you will be the death of me! Ellen, the mystery thickens. I don't now believe he ever wrote that forgery. If it is one. Has the Doctor spoken since? No! Well here goes for another move in the game. You and I must answer this precious epistle of Jim's. See, this will do, I think. 'The Misses Pemberton present their compliments to Mr. Compton.' They denied themselves to him on the occasion of his last visit, in consequence of their then existing belief that he had been the author of a vulgar practical joke played upon the house. If he is innocent of this, and can prove that his "secret" had no reference to the before-mentioned trick, the Misses Pemberton will be happy to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Compton.'"

This note was in due course despatched by post.

Next evening Dr. Seymour came to see his patient. She was now almost out of his hands. Miss Pemberton was sitting by the fire downstairs. Her niece did not make her appearance at all upon this occasion. Dr. Seymour was much disappointed. He held his visitor's hand long in his, and looked anxiously into her face. She colored violently, and turned her eyes away.

"And what did she think of my presumption?" he asked, after a lengthened pause, he avoiding her, as I have done, all this week, and for clever looking or asking for an answer? But everything is in a confusion. I did not know this letter had reached her, and I fully believed that no other wholly or half engaged to her cousin."

"You never were more mistaken in your life," Miss Pemberton said, laughing heartily at the thought of it again.

By degrees the whole story came out. The Doctor had returned home at once on leaving the house in the afternoon, and had taken out his letter, and was preparing to destroy it, and had then discovered that a mistake had been made. As the gatekeeper afterwards confessed, he had been puzzled between the two envelopes, which on being compared were certainly found to be very much alike; but when the Doctor received the letter handed to him as his own, and opened it, he had no doubt but that it was intended for Miss Ellen. Then naturally thought there could certainly be no cause for uneasiness in the matter, and he said nothing.

"What am I to do now?" Doctor Seymour asked at last, in a helpless, despairing tone.

Miss Pemberton laughed. "I will send Ellen down to give you her answer," she replied. "I really must go upstairs now, and write my letter."

When her epistle was finished, and sent off to the post, she returned to the sitting-room. The Doctor was gone. Ellen was seated in her place, and her face was hidden in her hands. Pussy was sitting on her lap, and was purring loudly, as if in sympathy with her mistress's distress. Miss Pemberton came into the room, she murmured, laying her cheek against the cat's soft fur; and Pussy stayed. She sand looked on with an air of provocation. "He gives up petting that animal, child," she exclaimed, almost angrily. "It is no wonder you are going to be an old maid, when you never, by any chance, put her out of your arms. Have you forgotten that I asked you to lend me that letter again?"

Ellen put the required article from her pocket. (It had been dethroned from its first resting-place.) She handed it over with studied carelessness of manner.

"Perhaps, after all, you ought to have written an answer to this," Miss Pemberton said, poking up the fire, and bending forward to catch the light of a sudden blaze; for the two were sitting in the gloaming.

Ellen looked up, in a mood indignant. "He wants no reply," she returned. "He cares nothing for me now, and I—I—of course I don't want to have anything to do with him."

Her companion turned the letter over and over in her hands. There was no odd, unaccountable look again upon her face. "I have a thought which might easily explain this mystery, only I don't like to tell it to you," she observed hesitatingly.

"Say whatever you think," whispered her niece out of the depths of Pussy's consoling fur.

"Well—I could it be possible that this extraordinary affair was after all really intended for me?"

"But the direction?" Those three words came out with a gasp.

"Why, child, how often our letters get misdirected now. I don't know how, do. Nearly every advertisement, for instance, comes to you, and you, no doubt, at least half of such things are intended for me. Then Haynes is always with the Doctor. He talks to him by the yard of old things, when my father and sister were alive, and before Geoffrey—I mean Colonel Clive—went away to India. He always speaks of me as Miss Ellen, and will persist in doing so. Then they have had Jim in his mind. He may be wholly unaware of having put anything but Miss Pemberton on the envelope. I have noticed that he is in some ways a short-hand man. A person I love, too, would put the Christian name down almost unconsciously of the girl—bah! I mean of the woman he cares for."

"Ellen is my name too," sobbed the other occupant of the room half piteously, half appealingly. "If—if it was you he meant, why has he never said one word to you about the letter till all these days when he has been here so often?"

"He—well, you see, dear, it seems as if the great goose fancied I had been very ill indeed. He may have avoided all discussion about the matter lest anything when my fever should prove injurious to my recovery. He will probably have the affair out next week, when he comes again, if things are at all as I have been surmising. Ellen, you are crying! Is this afternoon that put all this into my head."

"And do you care for him? Will you——"

The elder lady cleared her throat, and then again poked the fire vigorously. "I——"

A sudden loud summons at the hall door disturbed the conference. Miss Pemberton sat stiffly up in her chair and listened. Pussy leaped on the floor, and was not hindered in so doing. Her mistress fled away to her own room, hot and angry with herself and all the world, and yet unable to make her indignation quell a great pain which was aching at her heart.

Meanwhile, Mary, with a surprised face, ushered Doctor Seymour in to her mistress for the second time that day. She lit up the gas, and then left the two alone. The visitor was excited, and much flurried. "You will never forgive me, he said, breathlessly. "I can certainly never pardon myself for what I have done. Here is a letter which is, I suppose, intended for you. I have read it through, almost without knowing that I did. It has been lying in my room for several days past. Pray see if it is of importance to you before I explain."

Of importance! The first sentence made her gasp for breath, and look up at her companion with a wild, startled gaze.

"Dearest Ellen,—I have just returned home after my twelve long years of exile. I have learned that you are unmarried, but that is all my informant can tell me of you. I am of the same mind as of old, May I come and see you again? Do not say yes, unless you can let things be once more upon their past happy footing between us. Let us meet as engaged, if we must at all. I will wait here ten days for your answer; this will give you time for consultation. As ever,

"Yours,

"Geoffrey Clive."

As Miss Pemberton read, tears streamed down her face, and at last she pressed the letter to her lips, heedless and forgetful of a bystander's presence.

"You should have got this long since," Doctor Seymour said, hesitatingly. His companion started as if awakening suddenly out of a dream. Her cheeks were a carmine color.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I thought I was alone. Ten days! and it is a full week now since this was written. I must go and answer this old friend's letter at once. I hope you will excuse me, Doctor Seymour," she stood up, trembling with excitement. As she did so, her companion's unfortunate epistle fell from her lap to the floor. He picked it up, and in so doing recognized it for that which had been his property, but which had ceased so to be on leaving his possession, and which he certainly had no right whatever to recall. He now stood silently with it in his hand, like a man in a trance. Pemberton looked at him, and remembered all their mystification concerning this letter, and his subsequent behaviour. She saw there was something which he could not understand, and forced herself, by a strong effort of will, to put her own affairs aside for a while, and attend to the matter in hand. "That letter from you came some time ago?" she remarked, in an inquiring tone. The Doctor looked at his companion with a distracted and anxious expression in his face.

"And what did she think of my presumption?" he asked, after a lengthened pause, he avoiding her, as I have done, all this week, and for clever looking or asking for an answer? But everything is in a confusion. I did not know this letter had reached her, and I fully believed that no other wholly or half engaged to her cousin."

"You never were more mistaken in your life," Miss Pemberton said, laughing heartily at the thought of it again.

By degrees the whole story came out. The Doctor had returned home at once on leaving the house in the afternoon, and had taken out his letter, and was preparing to destroy it, and had then discovered that a mistake had been made. As the gatekeeper afterwards confessed, he had been puzzled between the two envelopes, which on being compared were certainly found to be very much alike; but when the Doctor received the letter handed to him as his own, and opened it, he had no doubt but that it was intended for Miss Ellen. Then naturally thought there could certainly be no cause for uneasiness in the matter, and he said nothing.

"What am I to do now?" Doctor Seymour asked at last, in a helpless, despairing tone.

Miss Pemberton laughed. "I will send Ellen down to give you her answer," she replied. "I really must go upstairs now, and write my letter."

When her epistle was finished, and sent off to the post, she returned to the sitting-room. The Doctor was gone. Ellen was seated in her place, and her face was hidden in her hands. Pussy was sitting on her lap, and was purring loudly, as if in sympathy with her mistress's distress. Miss Pemberton came into the room, she murmured, laying her cheek against the cat's soft fur; and Pussy stayed. She sand looked on with an air of provocation. "He gives up petting that animal, child," she exclaimed, almost angrily. "It is no wonder you are going to be an old maid, when you never, by any chance, put her out of your arms. Have you forgotten that I asked you to lend me that letter again?"

Ellen put the required article from her pocket. (It had been dethroned from its first resting-place.) She handed it over with studied carelessness of manner.

"Perhaps, after all, you ought to have written an answer to this," Miss Pemberton said, poking up the fire, and bending forward to catch the light of a sudden blaze; for the two were sitting in the gloaming.

Ellen looked up, in a mood indignant. "He wants no reply," she returned. "He cares nothing for me now, and I—I—of course I don't want to have anything to do with him."

Her companion turned the letter over and over in her hands. There was no odd, unaccountable look again upon her face. "I have a thought which might easily explain this mystery, only I don't like to tell it to you," she observed hesitatingly.

"Say whatever you think," whispered her niece out of the depths of Pussy's consoling fur.

"Well—I could it be possible that this extraordinary affair was after all really intended for me?"

"But the direction?" Those three words came out with a gasp.

"Why, child, how often our letters get misdirected now. I don't know how, do. Nearly every advertisement, for instance, comes to you, and you, no doubt, at least half of such things are intended for me. Then Haynes is always with the Doctor. He talks to him by the yard of old things, when my father and sister were alive, and before Geoffrey—I mean Colonel Clive—went away to India. He always speaks of me as Miss Ellen, and will persist in doing so. Then they have had Jim in his mind. He may be wholly unaware of having put anything but Miss Pemberton on the envelope. I have noticed that he is in some ways a short-hand man. A person I love, too, would put the Christian name down almost unconsciously of the girl—bah! I mean of the woman he cares for."

"Ellen is my name too," sobbed the other occupant of the room half piteously, half appealingly. "If—if it was you he meant, why has he never said one word to you about the letter till all these days when he has been here so often?"

"He—well, you see, dear, it seems as if the great goose fancied I had been very ill indeed. He may have avoided all discussion about the matter lest anything when my fever should prove injurious to my recovery. He will probably have the affair out next week, when he comes again, if things are at all as I have been surmising. Ellen, you are crying! Is this afternoon that put all this into my head."

"And do you care for him? Will you——"

The elder lady cleared her throat, and then again poked the fire vigorously. "I——"

A sudden loud summons at the hall door disturbed the conference. Miss Pemberton sat stiffly up in her chair and listened. Pussy leaped on the floor, and was not hindered in so doing. Her mistress fled away to her own room, hot and angry with herself and all the world, and yet unable to make her indignation quell a great pain which was aching at her heart.

Meanwhile, Mary, with a surprised face, ushered Doctor Seymour in to her mistress for the second time that day. She lit up the gas, and then left the two alone. The visitor was excited, and much flurried. "You will never forgive me, he said, breathlessly. "I can certainly never pardon myself for what I have done. Here is a letter which is, I suppose, intended for you. I have read it through, almost without knowing that I did. It has been lying in my room for several days past. Pray see if it is of importance to you before I explain."

Of importance! The first sentence made her gasp for breath, and look up at her companion with a wild, startled gaze.

"Dearest Ellen,—I have just returned home after my twelve long years of exile. I have learned that you are unmarried, but that is all my informant can tell me of you. I am of the same mind as of old. May I come and see you again? Do not say yes, unless you can let things be once more upon their past happy footing between us. Let us meet as engaged, if we must at all. I will wait here ten days for your answer; this will give you time for consultation. As ever,

"Yours,

"Geoffrey Clive."

As Miss Pemberton read, tears streamed down her face, and at last she pressed the letter to her lips, heedless and forgetful of a bystander's presence.

"You should have got this long since," Doctor Seymour said, hesitatingly. His companion started as if awakening suddenly out of a dream. Her cheeks were a carmine color.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I thought I was alone. Ten days! and it is a full week now since this was written. I must go and answer this old friend's letter at once. I hope you will excuse me, Doctor Seymour," she stood up, trembling with excitement. As she did so, her companion's unfortunate epistle fell from her lap to the floor. He picked it up, and in so doing recognized it for that which had been his property, but which had ceased so to be on leaving his possession, and which he certainly had no right whatever to recall. He now stood silently with it in his hand, like a man in a trance. Pemberton looked at him, and remembered all their mystification concerning this letter, and his subsequent behaviour. She saw there was something which he could not understand, and forced herself, by a strong effort of will, to put her own affairs aside for a while, and attend to the matter in hand. "That letter from you came some time ago?" she remarked, in an inquiring tone. The Doctor looked at his companion with a distracted and anxious expression in his face.

"And what did she think of my presumption?" he asked, after a lengthened pause, he avoiding her, as I have done, all this week, and for clever looking or asking for an answer? But everything is in a confusion. I did not know this letter had reached her, and I fully believed that no other wholly or half engaged to her cousin."

"You never were more mistaken in your life," Miss Pemberton said, laughing heartily at the thought of it again.

By degrees the whole story came out. The Doctor had returned home at once on leaving the house in the afternoon, and had taken out his letter, and was preparing to destroy it, and had then discovered that a mistake had been made. As the gatekeeper afterwards confessed, he had been puzzled between the two envelopes, which on being compared were certainly found to be very much alike; but when the Doctor received the letter handed to him as his own, and opened it, he had no doubt but that it was intended for Miss Ellen. Then naturally thought there could certainly be no cause for uneasiness in the matter, and he said nothing.

"What am I to do now?" Doctor Seymour asked at last, in a helpless, despairing tone.

Miss Pemberton laughed. "I will send Ellen down to give you her answer," she replied. "I really must go upstairs now, and write my letter."

When her epistle was finished, and sent off to the post, she returned to the sitting-room. The Doctor was gone. Ellen was seated in her place, and her face was hidden in her hands. Pussy was sitting on her lap, and was purring loudly, as if in sympathy with her mistress's distress. Miss Pemberton came into the room, she murmured, laying her cheek against the cat's soft fur; and Pussy stayed. She sand looked on with an air of provocation. "He gives up petting that animal, child," she exclaimed, almost angrily. "It is no wonder you are going to be an old maid, when you never, by any chance, put her out of your arms. Have you forgotten that I asked you to lend me that letter again?"

Ellen put the required article from her pocket. (It had been dethroned from its first resting-place.) She handed it over with studied carelessness of manner.

"Perhaps, after all, you ought to have written an answer to this," Miss Pemberton said, poking up the fire, and bending forward to catch the light of a sudden blaze; for the two were sitting in the gloaming.

Ellen looked up, in a mood indignant. "He wants no reply," she returned. "He cares nothing for me now, and I—I—of course I don't want to have anything to do with him."

Her companion turned the letter over and over in her hands. There was no odd, unaccountable look again upon her face. "I have a thought which might easily explain this mystery, only I don't like to tell it to you," she observed hesitatingly.

"Say whatever you think," whispered her niece out of the depths of Pussy's consoling fur.

"Well—I could it be possible that this extraordinary affair was after all really intended for me?"

"But the direction?" Those three words came out with a gasp.

"Why, child, how often our letters get misdirected now. I don't know how, do. Nearly every advertisement, for instance, comes to you, and you, no doubt, at least half of such things are intended for me. Then Haynes is always with the Doctor. He talks to him by the yard of old things, when my father and sister were alive, and before Geoffrey—I mean Colonel Clive—went away to India. He always speaks of me as Miss Ellen, and will persist in doing so. Then they have had Jim in his mind. He may be wholly unaware of having put anything but Miss Pemberton on the envelope. I have noticed that he is in some ways a short-hand man. A person I love, too, would put the Christian name down almost unconsciously of the girl—bah! I mean of the woman he cares for."

"Ellen is my name too," sobbed the other occupant of the room half piteously, half appealingly. "If—if it was you he meant, why has he never said one word to you about the letter till all these days when he has been here so often?"

"He—well, you see, dear, it seems as if the great goose fancied I had been very ill indeed. He may have avoided all discussion about the matter lest anything when my fever should prove injurious to my recovery. He will probably have the affair out next week, when he comes again, if things are at all as I have been surmising. Ellen, you are crying! Is this afternoon that put all this into my head."

"And do you care for him? Will you——"

The elder lady cleared her throat, and then again poked the fire vigorously. "I——"

A sudden loud summons at the hall door disturbed the conference. Miss Pemberton sat stiffly up in her chair and listened. Pussy leaped on the floor, and was not hindered in so doing. Her mistress fled away to her own room, hot and angry with herself and all the world, and yet unable to make her indignation quell a great pain which was aching at her heart.

Meanwhile, Mary, with a surprised face, ushered Doctor Seymour in to her mistress for the second time that day. She lit up the gas, and then left the two alone. The visitor was excited, and much flurried. "You will never forgive me, he said, breathlessly. "I can certainly never pardon myself for what I have done. Here is a letter which is, I suppose, intended for you. I have read it through, almost without knowing that I did. It has been lying in my room for several days past. Pray see if it is of importance to you before I explain."

Of importance! The first sentence made her gasp for breath, and look up at her companion with a wild, startled gaze.

"Dearest Ellen,—I have just returned home after my twelve long years of exile. I have learned that you are unmarried, but that is all my informant can tell me of you. I am of the same mind as of old. May I come and see you again? Do not say yes, unless you can let things be once more upon their past happy footing between us. Let us meet as engaged, if we must at all. I will wait here ten days for your answer; this will give you time for consultation. As ever,

"Yours,

"Geoffrey Clive."

As Miss Pemberton read, tears streamed down her face, and at last she pressed the letter to her lips, heedless and forgetful of a bystander's presence.

"You should have got this long since," Doctor Seymour said, hesitatingly. His companion started as if awakening suddenly out of a dream. Her cheeks were a carmine color.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I thought I was alone. Ten days! and it is a full week now since this was written. I must go and answer this old friend's letter at once. I hope you will excuse me, Doctor Seymour," she stood up, trembling with excitement. As she did so, her companion's unfortunate epistle fell from her lap to the floor. He picked it up, and in so doing recognized it for that which had been his property, but which had ceased so to be on leaving his possession, and which he certainly had no right what

Katie's Mishaps.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

When Katie Morton was a child of ten years, or almost any day that her mother was busy in the sitting room, she might be heard saying, "Katie, dear, take your hands out of my basket; you are disarranging all my work;" or, "Katie, don't tease the baby; let her play as she pleases;" or again, "Katie, give me those crayons; you have been among your brother's crayons again;" and so on through a catalogue of offences, until the good lady's patience was utterly exhausted. For this Katie, though a pretty, pleasing child, with a heart full of love for every one of the large family of which she was a member, possessed an ugly habit which overshadowed all her better qualities. This was a propensity for meddling with everything that came under her notice, and nothing however valuable escaped her busy fingers.

Mrs. Morton, with a mother's kindness, had tried every mild means of correction, and at time had even applied sharper remedies in order to amend this sad fault, but to no purpose, for becoming restive under punishment, she grew worse instead of better. I could not tell you how many times this little girl had been left in disgrace at home; when all the other children had gone out for their afternoon's drive or a walk, or had to be left without any supper, or deprived of playing with her dolls in the nice playhouse that her father had caused to be erected for his little girls; indeed she had often suffered from this indelible spot on her pure mother's unwilling hand, while her heart was aching at the same time that there should be a cause for the sad necessity.

Katie had three sisters, two much older than herself, and one, the baby Emily, a little rosebud of a girl just entering her second year.

I suppose you think Katie would have loved this little sister very much, and so in truth she did, but she scarcely ever was allowed to play with her, because she made her cry, by snatching away her playthings. It was not that Katie meant to tease her sister, for she really thought by arranging the toys in her own way Emily would be better pleased; but as the baby could not understand her motives, a great commotion was raised, which always ended in Katie's banishment. In fact, the whole family were more or less disquieted by her.

Evil deeds sometimes bring their own punishment, and it was not always that Katie escaped unscathed from the effects of her mischievous pranks.

One day Mary, the nurse, being engaged with Mrs. Morton in the dining room, and baby in the nursery lying half asleep in her cradle, Katie was allowed to rock her. In a short time she slept peacefully, and the active mind of Katie would not allow her to sit quietly by the baby's side. All manner of thoughts rushed through her busy brain, until starting up, she soon found herself on the third story beside the sleeping room of her two sisters, who had gone out to spend the day, leaving, by some oversight unnoticed by their active visitor, the key in the lock of the door. "Ha, ha!" Katie whispered to herself, as she turned the key and let herself in. "I wonder if I will not now see all the pretty things that Lucy locks up so carefully, and she laughed as she straightway drew a chair to the bureau, and began an examination of the contents of its drawers. Ribbons and laces, flowers and gloves, were quickly thrown to the floor in search of more precious things, and when at last she arrived at a box containing jewelry and other hoarded up treasures, her joy was extreme, and she immediately began to array herself in all her sister's valuable possessions.

With ribbons around her waist, rings on her fingers, flowers in her hair, chains about her neck, and a delicate ivory fan in her hand, she felt as elated as a young lady, dressed in all the fashionable goods of the day.

But the mischief did not stop here. Hid away in the corner of a drawer, was a little paper box.

Soon Katie removed the lid, and was enchanted to see nestling in a bed of pink cotton, some prettily decorated Easter eggs, which, as they had been the work of a loved grandmother, the girls had carefully preserved from year to year. At once they were seized by the eager child. She selected the prettiest one, and holding it too tightly in her hand, the brittle shell was crushed. Oh! thought Katie, who was particularly fond of eggs, "how nice and white it looks, and how yellow the yolk. I really think it must be good yet." So the contents of the pretty shell was devoured. Then another was broken, and then another, until the whole number was eaten or destroyed.

After Katie had completely rummaged all the drawers and closets, she grew weary and sat down in an arm chair to rest, but suddenly sprang up again as a bracket containing a scent bottle met her eye. She moved the towel much to the wall and was in the act of calling upon it, when unfortunately just as her hand closed on the neck of the coveted treasure, the frail neck gave way and she fell to the floor, dragging the bottle from the shelf, which, falling directly upon her, and the stopper coming out, deluged her face in a shower of Cologne water. Poor child! the smarting of her eyes attracted her notice for she had thought they were entirely destroyed, and she should never see with them again. Her face burned terribly and she was on the point of screaming for mamma, when feeling a slight decrease of pain, the cunning child had fortitude enough to wait until the effect of her bath had passed over. Rising then from the floor, she gathered up the many articles from the bureau, and in a mass of disorder, thrust them back into the drawers, jewelry, ribbons, flowers, laces, fans, egg shells and all.

Not satisfied yet with her guest, she next entered the room where her two brothers; here however she found everything secure, except a box of dominoes, and a set of checquers, enclosed in their gilded cases, which she emptied on the floor and seated herself beside them, thinking to have a good time at play. But her pleasure was of short duration, for soon a deathly pallor stole over the poor little face; she laid down on the hard floor, and a great sickness came upon her. In her distress she murmured out mamma! dear mamma! But far away down stairs, mamma could not hear the faint little pleading voice. When Katie was found, she was still lying on the floor, restlessly sleeping with half-closed eyes, and scarlet with fever. She was quickly taken to mamma's room, a physician sent for, and for many days the child was a severe sufferer from eating the vile contents of the long-preserved Easter eggs.

When Katie recovered from her sickness she expressed much sorrow for the mischief she had done, and promised, if her sisters would only forgive her, she would try very hard to be a better girl for the future.

Three years passed away. Katie's meddling disposition were almost forgotten, or remembered only to be laughed at as the mischievous tricks of a little child, for Katie now was a fine handsome girl and her conduct was irreproachable, when it chanced that a sister of mamma, until Caroline, who had just returned from Paris, came to pay the family a visit. She was a lady of fortune, and had caused many years to foreign lands. Her large wardrobe, gathered up in the course of her travels, had among the rest a collection of rare jewels of exceeding beauty. Having an appreciative eye, these ornaments at once attracted Katie's attention.

The ladies had driven out one day to pay some visits, accompanied by Mrs. Morton's eldest daughter. All the other children were at school, except Katie, who was left by her mother with a request that she should practice her music during their absence. As soon as they were gone Katie seated herself at the piano, but she was not in the mood to play, her pieces were so old and disgusting. She wondered why her teacher always kept her playing the same old horrible things. Soon weary of her employment, she left the parlor with a new number of the St. Nicholas in her hand, and was proceeding to the nursery, when passing the open door of her aunt's chamber, she strolled in, and sat down in a great easy chair in the recess of the bay-window. It was a pleasant place in a summer morning, for the creeping vines, with their perfumed blossoms, formed a shady bower about her, and the chair was soft with cushions; but even here Katie was restless, and lying from her cosy seat, she was going from her room when her eyes rested on a small leather trunk, unlocked, standing on a chair beside the dressing table. Ah! the old spirit of meddling after so long an absence had found her again, and she approached the chair with eager footstep. The trunk she knew contained so many beautiful things. Well it is to say harm to look at them? not to touch them! Or no; only just to lift the lid and peep in. She remained for some moments irresolute, but as she thought of the many treasures that would be unfolded to her view if she only raised the lid, she forgot all her scruples and lifted it up.

But ah! the disappointment that awaited her, for instead of the shiny jewels, only an array of small morocco cases met her eyes. She knew now for certain that this was the veritable jewel trunk, and that within those little cases lay all the beautiful things hidden from her sight. She forgot she was only to peep, that she was not to touch. O! no, not to touch; and took up in her hands a curious shaped case of purple morocco and essayed to open it, but in vain she applied all her strength. The fastening resisted all her efforts. At length the case slipped from her grasp—and chance did what the girl had failed, for it came open in the fall, and all its brilliant contents lay scattered on the floor.

For a moment Katie was terrified lest Mary, hearing the crash, should hurry to the room. After listening attentively and hearing no approaching footstep, she quickly gathered up all the ornaments, but unfortunately a ring slipped from her hand and rolled along the floor; not anticipating any difficulty in finding it again, she hastily arranged the other jewels in the case, put it back in its place, and closing the lid of the trunk, began searching for the missing ring, which to her consternation she could not find, and all her efforts to regain possession of it were unsuccessful.

While in this dilemma she heard the sound of the returning carriage. How badly Katie felt with remorse tugging at her heart I will have you to imagine. She quickly hurried away and met her aunt coming up the stairs. Her kind relation laid her hand caressingly on Katie's head, with a request that she would accompany her to her chamber, as she had brought her a little present. Forced back again to the scene of her trouble, the poor child's heart beat almost audibly. With a crimsoned face she received the package, and murmuring out her thanks, quickly made her escape to her own room, threw herself upon the bed without looking at its contents, and eased her pent-up feelings in a flow of tears. Aunt Caroline in the meanwhile, deceived by Katie's embarrassed manner and blushing countenance, was pondering pitifully on the misfortune of a child possessing so much foolish sensibility.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

My name is John Perth, and I always had a great dread of mothers-in-law.

When I married Ann Maria the only thing that troubled my peace of mind was that I had a mother-in-law.

To be sure the waves rolled between us.

Mrs. Bashford was in France with a married son, and was unable to come to England just then.

Maria had always lived with an aunt, and, being of years of discretion, her mother sent her a lace veil and her blessing, and we were married quite as well without her presence one fine morning.

When we were married, Ann Maria and I went housekeeping.

We hired one of a small row, let furnished, at a reasonable rate.

They were all alike—just the same build, and exactly the same articles of furniture.

We chose one of them on the advice of our landlord.

He said we should have such quiet neighbors—old Mrs. Bolivar and her daughter on one side, and Mr. Briggs, an old bachelor, on the other.

They were quiet; we never saw either of them.

Nobody in either of the houses ever sat at the window, or stood at the door, or walked in the small garden, where the rose of Sharon grew.

We had the place all to ourselves.

It was very pleasant.

So, gradually, as Mrs. Bashford still wrote affectionate letters from Paris, I forgot my terrors and made myself comfortable.

My mother-in-law would probably never trouble me.

Judge of my consternation, therefore, when one morning, at my place of business, I received a telegram containing these words:—

"Dear mamma has come to us; hurry home."

I read it, sat down on a tall stool, and stared at vacancy.

A crisis had arrived. What should I do? How attack a trouble of which I had no experience?

I did not even know in what shape it would come.

I could form no conception of the style of mother-in-law who awaited me.

Was she a fashionable and mistress of all the long words in the English language? Was she of the weeping order? Was she a wonderful housekeeper or a commanding person? Did sort of a woman was my mother-in-law?

She had been in France.

I knew a number of men who had a French mother-in-law, he had suffered.

Being dosed with soup, which the lady thought the only diet fit for the human race, and presented with sugar and water, he had not angry.

The lady had at once thrown the soup, at his head, and gone into hysterics, declaring that he was an assassin.

But perhaps my mother-in-law had not become French enough for that.

However, all writers combine to declare that mother-in-law create dissention in families, and set the wife against her lawful master; the husband, once subjected, the man was lost.

I would begin by taking the upper hand and keeping it.

Thus resolving, I went home at an early hour, and, as I walked up the row, whistled to keep my courage up.

There was no lights in the cottage windows as yet, but, as I ascended my doorstage, I saw that my door was ajar, and wondering how it happened, entered without noise and closed it.

I walked into the parlor. No one was there.

Glad of a reprieve I threw myself into a chair, lit a cigar, and began to smoke.

My wife was occupied elsewhere, I supposed; but this was the beginning of my mother-in-law's advent.

Ever, until now, had my Ann Maria run to the door to greet me with a kiss.

I was vexed, and will not attempt to deny it.

I closed my eyes and smoked on.

Even when steps entered the room I did not open them.

"I declare," said a voice, "I smell tobacco. I believe some one is smoking in this house"—until, sniff—"tobacco smoke, anyway."

I opened my eyes, sat up, and saw a stout lady lighting the lamp.

My mother-in-law was a very big one.

I saw that she was one with whom I must, sooner or later, come to single combat.

Having lit the lamp, she turned towards me, put up a pair of gold glasses, and said, in a tone of supressed wrath:—

"Well, and what does this mean?"

"It means I'm finishing my cigar," I said.

"And I should like to know," said she, "how you came to come into this parlor to finish it?"

"Well, madam, your daughter has never objected to it," said I. "I've smoked many a cigar here, and I shall continue to do so. Anyone who doesn't like it can go elsewhere, you know!"

"The impudence," said the old lady. "But either you are mad, or I am. My daughter has many treasures that would be unfolded to her view if she only raised the lid, she forgot all her scruples and lifted it up.

But ah! the disappointment that awaited her, for instead of the shiny jewels, only an array of small morocco cases met her eyes. She knew now for certain that this was the veritable jewel trunk, and that within those little cases lay all the beautiful things hidden from her sight. She forgot she was only to peep, that she was not to touch. O! no, not to touch; and took up in her hands a curious shaped case of purple morocco and essayed to open it, but in vain she applied all her strength. The fastening resisted all her efforts. At length the case slipped from her grasp—and chance did what the girl had failed, for it came open in the fall, and all its brilliant contents lay scattered on the floor.

For a moment Katie was terrified lest Mary, hearing the crash, should hurry to the room. After listening attentively and hearing no approaching footstep, she quickly gathered up all the ornaments, but unfortunately a ring slipped from her hand and rolled along the floor; not anticipating any difficulty in finding it again, she hastily arranged the other jewels in the case, put it back in its place, and closing the lid of the trunk, began searching for the missing ring, which to her consternation she could not find, and all her efforts to regain possession of it were unsuccessful.

While in this dilemma she heard the sound of the returning carriage. How badly Katie felt with remorse tugging at her heart I will have you to imagine. She quickly hurried away and met her aunt coming up the stairs. Her kind relation laid her hand caressingly on Katie's head, with a request that she would accompany her to her chamber, as she had brought her a little present. Forced back again to the scene of her trouble, the poor child's heart beat almost audibly. With a crimsoned face she received the package, and murmuring out her thanks, quickly made her escape to her own room, threw herself upon the bed without looking at its contents, and eased her pent-up feelings in a flow of tears. Aunt Caroline in the meanwhile, deceived by Katie's embarrassed manner and blushing countenance, was pondering pitifully on the misfortune of a child possessing so much foolish sensibility.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

My name is John Perth, and I always had a great dread of mothers-in-law.

When I married Ann Maria the only thing that troubled my peace of mind was that I had a mother-in-law.

To be sure the waves rolled between us.

Mrs. Bashford was in France with a married son, and was unable to come to England just then.

Maria had always lived with an aunt, and, being of years of discretion, her mother sent her a lace veil and her blessing, and we were married quite as well without her presence one fine morning.

When we were married, Ann Maria and I went housekeeping.

We hired one of a small row, let furnished, at a reasonable rate.

They were all alike—just the same build, and exactly the same articles of furniture.

We chose one of them on the advice of our landlord.

He said we should have such quiet neighbors—old Mrs. Bolivar and her daughter on one side, and Mr. Briggs, an old bachelor, on the other.

They were quiet; we never saw either of them.

Nobody in either of the houses ever sat at the window, or stood at the door, or walked in the small garden, where the rose of Sharon grew.

We had the place all to ourselves.

It was very pleasant.

So, gradually, as Mrs. Bashford still wrote affectionate letters from France

THE FASHIONS.

The look for wide hat crowns really now dating in spring and the Parisian dress, and that is by no means the only indication that we are definitely taken it into our heads to be more picturesque than usual. The Princess hats, particularly well in fallen, or in any case have a broad brim, and the crown is not low and round, but quite plain or merely trimmed round the edge with a band of velvet, and the whole thing is finished off with only a bow or other ornament at the back. The effect is rather that of a hood than of a hat, according to the particular style of bonnet required. It may be high, open in the square or pointed shape, or it may be low, and in the shape of a half-dome. Indeed, one could be a little shape. This fashion of dress, however, elegant and graceful enough in its way, is not altogether suitable for ordinary wear, in order to wear the Princess dress thoroughly, to possess a figure exempt of the slightest defect, and to be perfectly dressed, with a hat better suited to this nor too massive, for however skilfully cut, the style of dress cannot succeed in any but the imperfections which might be in some degree modified or disguised by any other kind of dress.

There is certainly a remarkable tendency just now in the fashions to come back to silk materials. Very many walking dresses are composed of a long polonaise of rich silk and short underskirt, over a silk skirt, and with silk trimmings.

Many elegant robes are entirely of silk. At the back it is in the form of a polonaise, the front part forms a Louis XV. vest, with a brocade waistcoat of some different material, and the sleeves are of the same silk as the polonaise. The ladies' skirt is trimmed by a scarf of the same brocade as the waistcoat, and trimmed round with quilled silk ribbon. This style of robe is made for full dress, with elegant underskirt made use of brocade, or of a contrasting shade, in house balls, for instance, with a waistcoat of brocade, old blue, and coral pink brocade or in white silk, with waistcoat of black, white and black brocade.

For the evening, white is extremely fashionable, especially in barege, tarlatan, and spotted or striped; there are a number of materials of this sort in the American style, which drape beautifully.

The triumphant fashion of the moment is to add colors, or woven in some design and showing two or three contrasting colors, an excellent imitation of the rich embroidered bands made for trimming in the Indies style.

The woven galloons are sold at very reasonable prices, and therefore quite an effective result on a smaller material.

Petasi is still very fashionable and very much used for bonnets, and is made plain